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The Independent.

IRENÆUS AS A WITNESS FOR THE GOSPELS.

BY PROF. G. P. FISHER, YALE COLLEGE.

FROUDE, the historian, in one of his "Short Essays on Great Subjects," descants on the question of the origin of the Gospels. His remarks on this subject show how imperfect may be the judgments of able men when they take up themes which lie outside of their chosen studies, or with which they are not profoundly conversant. Froude thinks that the testimony of Irenæus respecting the age and authorship of the four Gospels is seriously weakened by the fact that he argues for the canonical Gospels on the ground that there are four winds, four quarters of the world, etc. The same thing is often said at the present day in popular books and by magazine writers. As this testimony of Irenæus is of high importance among the external proofs of the genuineness of the Gospels, it is worth while to look at it closely, and see if the objection we have just referred to has really the weight that is attached to it.

Irenæus, it is generally conceded, was born in Asia Minor. He became Bishop of Lyons on the death of the aged Pothinus, or in 178. He was a presbyter in the same church before this event. We know not the date of his birth; but the most competent scholars do not place it later than 140. Polycarp was Bishop of Smyrna, was an active, influential man, visited Rome and conferred with the Roman Bishop *Anicetus* about 160, and perished as a martyr about 168. He is called by Eusebius "a disciple of the Apostles," and by Jerome "the disciple of John the Apostle." Irenæus, in his principal work, says of Polycarp that he was taught by the Apostles, and had conferred with many who had seen the Lord. Irenæus adds that in his early age he saw Polycarp. In his letter to Florinus, having referred to the time when he had known the Florinus *in* Lower Asia, (he himself being then very young,) he adds: "For I better remember the affairs of that time than those of recent occurrence; the things that we remember in our childhood growing up with the soul and uniting themselves with it, so that I can tell the very place where the blessed Polycarp sat and taught, and his going out and his coming in, and the manner of his life, and the form of his person, and his discourses to the multitude, and how he related his familiar intercourse with John and with others who had seen the Lord—both concerning his miracles and his teaching, as he had received them from eye witnesses of the Word of Life—all which Polycarp related conformably to the Scriptures." This is a part of the noted extract from the letter to Florinus, and is all that we need to quote. Irenæus had grown to manhood before Polycarp was put to death; but the vivid reminiscence which is here given was of the period when Irenæus was quite young.

Now what does Irenæus say of the Gospels? "We have not received," he says, "the knowledge of the way of our salvation by any others than those by whom the Gospel has been brought to us: which Gospel they first preached, and afterward by the will of God committed to writing, that it might be for time to come the foundation and pillar of the faith." Here follows a declaration that the first Gospel was written among the Jews, by Matthew; the second by Mark, a companion of Peter; the third by Luke, a companion of Paul; and the fourth by John, of whom it is said, "Afterward John, the disciple of the Lord, who also leaned upon his breast, he likewise published a gospel while he dwelt in Ephesus in Asia."

Let us assume now that Irenæus—between whom and the Apostles there is only one intervening link—was an honest man and an intelligent man; in short, that he is a competent witness. At the time when he knew Polycarp, were the four Gospels extant and acknowledged authorities in the church? We will here confine the question to the Gospel of John, which is now so much a topic of controversy. Was, or was not, this gospel received as the production of him whose name it bears by Polycarp and his contemporaries at the time to which Irenæus, in his graphic reminiscence, refers? If it was thus received—received in the neighborhood of Ephesus, in the very region where John had lived to so advanced an age, and where his followers and acquaintances survived—it will be very difficult to disprove its genuineness. But, if it was not thus received, when, we ask, can it be supposed to have first seen the light? Who contrived a book of which Polycarp had known nothing, and palmed it off on him and on the whole circle of Johannean disciples and churches in Asia? How is it that Irenæus knows nothing of the late discovery or promulgation of so valuable a book? Why does he not mention the momentous fact—if, indeed, it be a fact—that after his interviews with Polycarp there was found somewhere, or put forth by somebody, this priceless treasure? It is obvious that Irenæus would have something to say of the extraordinary concealment and final appearance of this Gospel history, had he remembered a time or known of a time since John's death when the Gospel had not been a familiar and prized possession of the church.

This testimony of Irenæus is a tough piece of evidence. That he was an upright, truthful man none question. His opportunities for gathering information must have been extensive; but, whether they were or not, here we have specific declarations as to what he had himself seen and heard. Now the attempt is made to disparage the value of this testimony on the ground of the following passage, which stands in connection with his statements about the composition of the several Gospels: "Nor can there be more or fewer Gospels than these. For, as there are four regions of the world in which we live, and four catholic spirits, and the church is spread all over the earth, and the Gospel is the pillar and foundation of the church, and the spirit of life; in like manner was it fit it should have four pillars, breathing on all sides incorruption and refreshing mankind. Whence it is manifest that the Word, the former of all things, who sits upon the cherubim and upholds all things, having appeared to men, has given us a Gospel of a four-fold character but joined in one spirit." (Here follows a brief characterization of the several Gospels in their relations to one another.) That this is a fanciful (if one will, a puerile) observation there is no reason to deny. But how it can in the least invalidate the credibility of the author's testimony on a matter of fact within his cognizance it is impossible to see. If these analogies had exerted any influence in determining Irenæus's acceptance of the four Gospels of the canon, the case would be different. But Froude admits that such was not the fact. He accepted the Gospels on account of the historical proofs of their genuineness, as he repeatedly affirms, and independently of these supposed analogies. It is the established and exclusive authority of the four Gospels that sends him after these fancied analogies and accounts for the suggestion of them. The suggestion of them, therefore, strengthens, instead of weakens, the the evidence in behalf of the canonical Evangelists, because it shows how firm and long-settled must have been the recognition of them in the church. It is even a hasty inference from such a passage that the author was intellectually weak. If this inference is to be drawn from such an observation, the ablest of the Fathers, as Augustine, must be equally condemned. Men who are not deficient in ability may say sometimes rather foolish things. Jonathan Edwards somewhere observes that he drew an argument in favor of *early rising* from the circumstance that the Saviour rose from the dead before the dawn of day! This is unquestionably a silly remark; but it is a silly remark of one of the ablest men that ever lived. Irenæus is far inferior to Edwards in native talents. But he is, nevertheless, not wanting in ability; and he is, on the whole, distinguished for the soundness and clearness of his understanding. He is rather averse to speculation, being of a practical turn. There is hardly one of the early ecclesiastical writers who, in all the qualities that make up a trustworthy witness, is to be set before him. There is no reason to doubt that, in his statements concerning the origin and authority of the Gospels, he represents the Christians of his time. It is not the sentiment of an individual merely; but the state of things, the general judgment of the church, which he brings before us. No good reason can be given for this general, exclusive recognition of the Gospels now included in our canon, no even plausible solution of the fact can be rendered, unless it be granted that they were really handed down from the days of the Apostles, and were thus known to embody the testimony of eye-witnesses and ear-witnesses of the events which they record. Had Polycarp known nothing of John's Gospel—or, knowing of it, had he rejected it—it is impossible that Irenæus and his contemporaries should have been ignorant of the fact. It is proved by the most convincing array of circumstantial evidence that Polycarp, a personal acquaintance of John the Apostle, an honored bishop in the neighborhood where John had labored and died, considered the fourth Gospel to be his composition.

Much of the opposition to the belief of the church relative to the antiquity of the Gospels is of the kind termed "minute criticism." It deals in discussions upon the import of particular phrases or words in this or that ecclesiastical author—discussions which are often inconclusive, and are at any rate such as ordinary persons are all qualified to appreciate. A frequent effect of this sort of criticism—however pertinent in itself—is to divert the attention from great points of proof which all intelligent persons are competent to estimate. To one of these capital arguments we have thought it well to call attention.

BRITISH CO-OPERATIVE PHILANTHROPY.

BY WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

THERE lies before me—received by the last British mail—a pamphlet entitled "The Final Report of the National Freedmen's Aid Union of Great Britain and Ireland; with the names of the newly-elected Committee of Correspondence with American Freedmen's Aid Associations; and Reports of Proceedings on the Presentation of Addresses to their Excellencies the Hon. Charles Francis Adams and the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, the late and present United States Ministers to Great Britain." This pamphlet is one of absorbing interest and positive historic value, exhibiting as it does one of the most munificent results of philanthropic effort ever yet attained in any land, under strongly conflicting circumstances, and with reference to a race specially deserving whatever sympathy and aid can possibly be extended to it from any and every part of Christendom, because of a very general complicity, for the last three centuries, in the subjugation of that race to unparalleled degradation and bondage.

The National Freedmen's Aid Union of Great Britain and Ireland, after an energetic existence of five years, held its final meeting at Devonshire House, Bishopsgate Street Without, London, on Friday evening, Dec. 14th, 1868; the president, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart., (the grandson of the intrepid and victorious leader in Parliament in opposition to British colonial slavery, and the chosen successor of Wilberforce) in the chair. Appropriate resolutions were adopted, and excellent speeches made by the president, the venerable Josiah Forster, Robert Charleton, John Hodgkin, Rev. James C. Hargreaves, Rev. J. C. Gallaway, John Taylor, William Tweedie, Eli Jones (of Maine, U. S. A.), and others. The best spirit toward our country pervaded them all. Mr. Buxton concluded his remarks by saying: "We never can feel too deep an interest in that vast movement which has taken place, which began in 1834, and which has since gone on at a rate which would have been incredible to our forefathers."

Mr. Hodgkin paid a merited compliment to the Duke of Argyll for his most luminous description of the wants which existed among freedmen, and of the way in which they were to be relieved—as well as for having made the clearest and most statesmanlike view of the whole question of the origin of the civil war in American, its progress, and what had brought it about—at a great meeting in the Westminster Palace Hotel, which virtually inaugurated the National Freedmen's Union. Mr. Hodgkin also handsomely remarked that he could hardly sit down without saying how sincere had been his satisfaction in laboring in this work under the grandson of the first Sir Fowell Buxton. He had co-operated with that great man in redressing the wrongs of the blacks when slavery existed in the colonies; and to see how conspicuously the mantle had descended on his grandson was truly gratifying.

Rev. Mr. Hargreaves, in view of what the association had accomplished, eloquently said: "I feel, to-night, prouder than ever I have done of my fellow-creatures. The love of my country has sometimes been with me a favorite topic; but I have never felt so great a love for my fatherland as I do now. I love it more, not because of its political associations, not because of its rapid strides in inventive genius; but my heart throbs with a deeper and more abiding affection because the Christian people have done their part in assisting the poor and outcast freedmen in America."

Rev. Mr. Gallaway bestowed a well-deserved panegyric upon "that body of Christian people, the Friends," for the noble deeds they had been enabled to accomplish; remarking that they seemed to have more time than other people to devote to those purely philanthropic works, for the forwarding of which they had done so much. But he might, perhaps, have found the secret of their leisure to do good in the simple fact that they devote themselves to works of practical righteousness, and waste little time and means in mere doctrinal propagandism. In this particular, at least, they are distinguished from every other religious sect; and, though comparatively a very small body, exert an extraordinary influence upon the public mind.

John Taylor, Esq., (honorary secretary,) said that they had had to contend with an ungenerous feeling in regard to America, and with a not very liberal feeling as regards the negro race. I quote a single extract from his speech, as equally applicable to a certain class of cavilers in our own country:

"I have often thought that there is a great inconsistency in the impatience with which our appeals for help have been met. There are persons who hold that the negroes have very few of the qualities of a man; and yet seem to be surprised that they have not almost immediately, on receiving their emancipation, provided themselves with all the institutions which have required centuries for civilized nations to procure for themselves. These persons asked, with very great impatience, the second or third time of making our appeals: 'What! are the negroes still in want? Have not they yet provided themselves with schools?' Now, what is the position of our own country? Look at our efforts to provide educational establishments for the people during the last twenty-five or thirty years! . . . Yet people are impatient because this vast population of four millions of emancipated slaves, in a country bereft by war of property and money of every kind, have not provided themselves with all those institutions which are necessary for a civilized community! With that impatience I have no sympathy."

Mr. Taylor said he had spoken of the ungenerous feeling which had existed toward America; but there were many indications that this feeling was passing away. He did not think any event in this century, or in the history of the world, had been more evidently marked by the guiding hand of Divine Providence than the liberation of the slave s in the Southern States of America; and to have worked in this cause—to have been in some measure a coworker with God—called forth the highest feelings of thankfulness.

The whole amount raised in Great Britain, in money and goods, for the Freedmen's cause had reached the munificent sum of £120,000 in gold, or $600,000 in the present American currency. By far the largest contributors, however, in proportion, were members of the Society of Friends, who seem somehow to have the means to give, as well as the time to devote, in ministering to suffering humanity. To one of their number—Arthur Albright, Esq., of Birmingham—is pre-eminently due the success (let me say the marvelous success) of the Freedmen's movement across the Atlantic. His consecration to it was absolute, in earnestness of spirit, in indomitable perseverance, in quenchless zeal, in journeyings and labors, "in season and out of season"—the very enthusiasm of philanthropy in its most ardent manifestation. "You must see Arthur Albright," said John Bright to me, at my first interview with him in London; "for he is *the* informing soul, the quickening spirit of the movement itself." And yet, large as was the sum that had been contributed, Mr. Albright said, at this "final meeting" of the National Association, that any feeling of self-gratulation for his part in the work was more than counterbalanced by regret that, from deficient zeal and faith in the great merits of the Freedmen's cause, more had not been accomplished. Let me assure this untiring philanthropist—and, through him, all who have been coworkers with him—that, on this side of the Atlantic, we have nothing but wonder to express, thanks to give, and congratulations to proffer, at such a splendid contribution, in so short a period, in aid of a hapless race three thousand miles away, on the part of our British friends, who have so much misery to relieve at their own doors, and whose charity never goes abroad till it begins at home, seeking the relief and elevation of the perishing and dangerous classes. They have far exceeded our highest expectations, and set a brilliant example of international benevolence.

So reluctant were those who assembled at Devonshire House to conclude the operations of their National Union, (though the reasons for so doing were entirely satisfactory), that it was moved by Josiah Forster, and seconded by Robert Charleton: "That this meeting, while rejoicing in the daily increasing development of self-reliance on the part of the freedmen, yet, believing they may *for years to come* need the moral and material support of their friends on both sides of the Atlantic, hereby nominates and appoints the gentlemen named below (with power to add to their number) as a Committee of Correspondence with American Freedmen's Aid Associations; and to take such action, in harmony with the objects of this Union, as the future condition and wants of the freedmen may dictate. Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Messrs. Arthur Albright, Stafford Allen, William Allen, Robert Alsop, J. B. Braithwaite, B. H. Cadbury, Josiah Forster, Smith Harrison, Edward Marsh, Edmund Sturge, John Taylor, W. H. Warton, Rev. J. C. Gallaway, M.A., Rev. Thomas Phillips, Rev. Dr. Massie." At a subsequent meeting of this committee, Sir T. F. Buxton was unanimously elected chairman; Arthur Albright, deputy chairman; and John Taylor, joint secretary of the committee. No doubt some further aid will be put into their hands; but, in view of what has already been done, I think neither by any delegations, nor by any printed or written appeals, from this country, should our British friends be importuned to continue their contributions. The sympathetic spirit by which they have been animated, and the substantial relief they have afforded, prove that they need no importunity of this kind. It would be inconsiderate, not to say unreasonable, for us to persist in renewing it. They now understand the conditions and claims of the freedmen as well as we do; and, expressing to them, in behalf of that suffering class, our warmest gratitude for their past generous co-operation, let us leave them to determine the time when and the manner in which they will enlarge the sum of their liberality in this direction.

There is one sentence in the motion made by Josiah Forster—namely, that "for years to come" the freedmen may need the moral and material support of their friends—that deserves serious consideration here at the North. We are directly responsible for the grievous oppression to which they have been doomed; and, consequently, for their present helpless and benighted condition. We have done something in the way of atonement, yet comparatively little. We have sent a goodly number of competent teachers to the South; but not a tenth part of what is demanded at our hands. We have rudimentally instructed many thousands; but hundreds of thousands remain to be taught the alphabet. In proportion as these are enlightened, we shall have peace, security, prosperity. In such a promising field of labor, where a quick harvest follows the sowing of the seed, Northern philanthropy should neither faint nor tire. Under the administration of President Grant we may confidently expect far greater facilities for establishing schools at the South, with all needed protection of the teachers and their scholars, than it has been possible to obtain under the hostile rule of the present occupant of the White House; and, therefore, a fresh impetus ought to be given in this grand, fundamental work for the dissemination of light and knowledge where these have been for so many generations forbidden under such penalties as only the accursed spirit of slavery could enact and enforce.

A WOMAN'S LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON.

JANUARY, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

SPIRIT, intellect, and will were each represented in the three women who presided over the Woman's Suffrage Convention, in Carroll Hall, last week. There was Lucretia Mott, the embodimcat of spiritual force. Her saintly face, within its Quaker cap, wears a light almost seraphic. Above the gentle eyes her head rises like a dome, and in each we see how the brain that thinks and the heart that loves and pities have struck common compact for the service of humanity. Looking into her face, we feel how this woman's nature yearns over all human suffering, and how her soul revolts against every form of human wrong. She bears her more than three-score years and ten as gracefully as she wears her quiet Quaker garments. There is no confusion of thought, no decrepitude of bearing, no querulous garrulity, no attempts at masculine manner. Serenely womanly in every word and movement, in all that she says and does we see the reflection of a beautiful life and of a heart that can never grow old.

Mrs. Stanton's hair is white as silver; but her face is fair and young. Many quarrel with her opinions; but few can withhold from her the meed of personal admiration. She is certainly delightful to gaze upon, and embodies in her person the noblest type of the American matron. Her white hair curls closely about her fine forehead; her dark eyes, quick and earnest, flash under its wide arches, clear reflectors of every feeling and thought within. Her features are noble, the lines of the mouth as sweet as they are strong, her dress rich and quiet. Her entire presence indicates a woman born to the highest sphere of human life. She carries the charm of fine breeding into all her public speech. Whatever she says, she says it as a woman who can never be false to her own fine sense of refinement; says it, too, with the unction of deep feeling and the acute discrimination of clear thought. She has powerful magnetism as a public speaker, for all the forces of her rich personality seemed fused into her words. She is logical, earnest, and eloquent, and never mannish in manner. Looking upon her, and listening to her, it is easy to see how the most prejudiced man would yet be influenced by *such* a woman; why the legislature of New York has given respectful heed to her appeals; and why she has already accomplished so much in causing the repeal of the most outrageous laws of her native state.

Susan B. Anthony is the only one of the three who represents in her person the masculine woman. She is the embodiment of energy and will. Of the nervous temperament, tall, muscular, and strong-featured—with quick eyes and ears, a sharp tongue, and a kindly smile—she is as much at home in a public chair as most women are by their cradles. She has great talent for business, for dispatch, for executive labor; and, whether she managed a house or steered a ship, she would do it with equal vim. With her stately form, spectacles, strong jaw, and capacious mouth, she seems the most formidable type of the strong-minded. Yet she is not uncomely; and no woman with her smile could help having a kind heart. With such genii to preside over it, one would suppose that all the proceedings of the Woman's Suffrage Convention would have been dignified and harmonious. They would have been, had these three women controlled them from beginning to end. Why didn't you, noble ladies? May a woman who cannot speak in meeting ask you, who can, why you did not do all the talking, or choose others who could talk as well, and so squelch the dreadful people who dishonored your assembly and brought contempt upon your cause? "A free platform" may be too free. Liberty may degenerate into license, and the best cause in the world be disgraced by the appearance and character of those who attempt to defend it. That fearful little person, dressed like a man, with a woman's hair streaming down her back, who flapped her arms like a bat and screamed the story of her own personal wrongs on every possible occasion, did much harm, however good her intentions. How much of the grotesque element is inseparable from the outward movements of reform I am unable to say. Certain it is that the great army of the queer and crazy march instinctively after everything new; and, by mere force of numbers, often hold back the truth for centuries. A great convocation of the best women who assembled here must have commanded the respect of all beholders. It was the presence and prominence allowed to people who seemed to scream for the sole purpose of attracting attention to themselves which gave opportunity to those who wished to ridicule this convention to do it. This has been done in the papers of this city. Yet it is a very narrow vision which sees *nothing* but the crudities and absurdities of outward forms; which fails to discover beneath it all the primal law of human progression, which, through every excrescence of human error, must work its way upward to a higher solution than we yet dare to dream.

The convention has left a trail of discussion behind it not yet passed by. Animated conversations on "woman's rights," as promulgated by its apostles last week, are going on now in fashionable parlors, and in guarded whispers in conventional assemblies. Few women denounce the principle; but many the manner in which it is asserted. That comes of the "free platform" being so free that it could be seized by every ridiculous man or woman who wished to talk upon it. For even those who disagree with them have only praise for the elegant and eloquent addresses of such women as Lucy Stone, Mrs. Stanton, and Mrs. Mott. Letters pro and con are appearing in the *Chronicle*. I hear more about "woman's rights" than about the "inauguration." The spirit moves me to speak to both the pros and the cons. For in the end you are not to fly apart into chaos, but to come nearer together. First, to you, my dear sisters of progression. Don't insist that every man is your enemy and oppressor who doubts the utility of your taking an active part in political life. There are many noble men—friends to women in the highest sense, men who respect their intellect and reverence their womanhood—who are yet opposed to their voting. Because they would save them from rude contacts, from base ambitions, from all in politics that demoralizes men, they oppose their political enfranchisement. Their reason may be at fault, but their hearts are not. We may think that we do not need their care; but let us respect the instinct that prompts it, nevertheless—it is the noblest in man that proffers it, the loveliest in woman that accepts it. And don't denounce every woman of influence and position as an enemy to her sex, a foe to her advancement, because she does not appear on the rostrum, or because she does not accept your most radical ideas. While few women have the power or inclination to speak in public, thousands, by written words and living deeds, are using every power to lift up not womanhood alone, but humanity. And you, my good brethren of mankind, endeavor to free your minds from disturbance. Don't imagine that the world is going topsy-turvy, and its homes to perdition, because there are many women who demand personal representation in the laws which concern their well-being and that of their children. No matter what you think of the right or the utility of their voting; still make allowance for the human nature in them of which you have so large a portion yourselves. You—an intelligent, educated, thoughtful man—would feel it to be an insult if some ignorant woman, intellectually and morally your inferior, should declare to you that you had no right to the elective franchise, solely because you are a man. And you would feel still more deeply outraged if the balance of political power were placed with the ignorant and depraved, solely on the basis of sex; while you, amenable to every law, were denied all voice, solely on account of yours. The intelligent, educated, thoughtful woman can feel no differently when an ignorant boor looks into her face, and assures her that she is entitled to no political right which *he* enjoys, because she is a woman. Personally she may have no desire to vote; yet the human nature in her feels a sense of outrage that such as he may control the laws which govern her, solely through the caste of sex. Think of an intellectual woman, who had consecrated her best powers to the redemption of his race, being told by a man born a slave, and but two years free, "Women had no right to vote because they were women." The fact cannot be denied that many women, who would have been content that their fathers and husbands should have legislated for them to their dying day, are now fully committed to female suffrage through their antagonism to this spirit universal among freedmen, and to the same spirit in the ignorant and brutalized thousands who swarm from foreign lands to become naturalized voters in this republic. In them it is the spontaneous protest of intellect and spirit against the supremacy of brutality and vice. Every age nurtures its great idea. Human liberty—liberty of conscience, of will, of intellect, of action—is the thought of our time, which has run almost mad in intensity. How can it quicken the pulses of all living men, and that other half of the human race called the weaker, though compelled to bear more than half of life's burdens, not feel the kindling impulse, the outreaching of immortal power toward a freer and completer life! We are passing through a great mental and moral revolution. The conflict of ideas is not less fierce than the conflict of arms which brought victory to truth. The answer is not yet. Time will work out the far consummation. From this regenerating strife let us believe that a finer woman will arise, who in her larger intellectual freedom will lose none of the loveliness which is essentially woman. One would suppose by the consternation with which the modern man contemplates the "strong-minded woman" that she were a new development. Minerva has lived as long as Psyche. She will always live. Dædalus may not wish to marry her. She would not marry him. But, because Dædalus is jealous and envious, it does not follow that Minerva has no right to her helmet and ægus. If the world did not need such women, God would not make them. The ancients recognized and acknowledged their functions when, perfect in brain and complete in armor, they brought Minerva into being to preside over the peaceful arts of both men and women. Minerva fulfills her being no less than Psyche, though it is Psyche whom we love. Nature is mightier than all. No civil right, no political power, can ever dethrone the woman of the household and the heart. No form of change can ever continue to exist which desecrates the sanctity of home, the joy of the whole earth. No intellectual conflict can ever destroy the indestructible relations between woman and man. It is the love of Alcestus which makes rich the world.

"Her fair soul, like scent of flowers unseen,
Sweetens the turmoil of long centuries."

M. C. A.

KNOWLEDGE.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

In what rare region of the soul
Shall I yet know thee as thou art,
Thine holier self, whom now I seek
With tearful eyes and yearning heart?

Now while my life goes forth to meet
Thy finer spirit all unseen,
I see the shade of human birth,
And all the body's veil between.

While in all lowliness I'd show
The gentler life I live apart,
Thou seest its fairest outline lost
In some infirmity of heart.

Yet in how many a deed and word
Our inner sight may catch the gleam
Cast by the angel of the heart,
The lovelier self of which we dream.

The nearest walk so far apart,
The dearest stand and knock without;
'Twixt hearts nor life nor death can part
Comes withering fear and cruel doubt.

I deem that, in no distant day,
The best in each shall each descry;
No blinding sense shall dim the ray,
Nor mar the love that cannot die.

Then lifted far from life's turmoil,
From every curse of human fate,
In some rare region of the soul
Our hearts redeemed may meet and mate.

CHRIST'S LOVE FOR THE SINNER.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

No truth is more certain than this—that all Christians love Christ "because he *first loved*" them. Christ's love not only precedes ours, but produces ours. He drew us before we would go after him. This is one of the grandest doctrines in Bible theology. How it exalts the Lamb of God, and abases the creature! How it sinks us into the dust, and enthrones the Saviour! It stops the mouth of boasting, and commands him "that glorieth to glory only in the Lord."

Christ first loved us! Did he do so because we were especially loveable and attractive? Nay, he loved us when we were especially unlovely and ungrateful. It is very easy to grow fond of a sweet, beautiful child, who wins us by its music of voice and witchery of face. But to pick up the filthy waif of the streets, or the poor, diseased orphan of the hospital, and to love that forlorn object requires *heart*. Christ did and does more than this. He loves the sinner who is in open, obstinate rebellion against him. While we were yet sinners, "Christ died for the ungodly." Not for the godly, observe; but for the ungodly. While we were in the far-country of sin, Christ called us. When we opposed him, he strove with us and conquered us. While we were filthy, he pitied us, and "washed us from our sins in his own blood." This is the history of every conversion. The love of Jesus for the sinner goes before the sinner's love for him.

"What did *you* do in the work of your conversion?" asked a minister of a new convert. The man replied, "I did not do much but sin, and Christ did all the rest." This was putting it rather strongly; and the answer is susceptible of a wrong meaning. But what the grateful convert meant was this: in his regeneration all the glory belonged to the Saviour. It was just what the Apostle meant when he said, "By grace are ye saved, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." Conversion is a Christ-exalting and man-humbling process. The Gospel is so shaped that it is at war with human pride, and brings it into complete subjection before the Cross of Calvary. Every pardon that is granted is calculated to bury the sinner's pride still lower in the dust. And in the dust before the Cross a Sir Isaac Newton and a Chalmers bows down beside the beggar and the little child.

A poor, profane tippler, once walking through a by-street, overheard a good woman singing at her work:

"I am a poor sinner and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my all in all."

The words arrested him, and fastened themselves in his memory. He came to Jesus, and then came for admission to the church. When asked to tell his experience, his reply was: "I confess that I am a great sinner.

'I am a poor sinner and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my all in all.'"

He became a very cheerful, happy believer; and, when a desponding brother inquired of him, "Jack, how is it that you are always so happy?" the converted swearer answered, "Ah! you haven't begun to sing

'I am a poor sinner and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my *all in all*.'"

This grateful refrain of simple-hearted Jack is only the humbler version of the new song of the glorified in heaven—"unto *Him who loved* us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, be the glory and dominion forever and ever!"

Is there anything in this doctrine to excuse a sinner from the duty of repenting and coming to Jesus? By no means. The apostle says, "By grace are ye saved *through faith*." He that believeth shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. To as many as *receive* Him, giveth he the power to become the sons of God. The love of Jesus, if accepted and returned, will lift the sinner to heaven; but, if rejected, it will sink him to a more fearful perdition. It will be a terrible thing, my impenitent friend, for you to look the compassionate Jesus in the face on the judgment-seat, and confess that you trampled on his love at every step of your guilty life! Nothing tortured the poor prodigal so much as the memory of the *love at home*, against which he was sinning. And no thought will so torture you as the thought, "Jesus loved me, but I hated him!"

While this Bible-truth has a voice of thunder to all who reject Christ, it has a voice of celestial sweetness to all who come to him. It speaks of an atonement made, of pardon offered, of a door wide open, of arms outstretched, of help promised you the moment you seek it. Instead of being met with the harsh upbraiding, "Why didn't you come before?" you will hear the melting welcome, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

And let me tell you another thing. When you do come, it will be the love of Christ which draws you. A keen sense of guilt has driven many a man to desperation. But one clear view of Calvary's bleeding Jesus is enough to draw him back. Surrender yourself, then, to that love! Surrender your dearest sin to please him who so loves you! Surrender your heart and consecrate your life to him! Cling to the hand that lifted you from the pit! And through every step of the brightening path that leads you home you will sing:

"I love Thee, Lord, but with no love of mine,
For I have none to give;
I love Thee, Lord, but all the love is Thine,
For by Thy love I live.
I am as nothing, and rejoice to be
Emptied, and lost, and swallowed up in Thee!"

"LET HIM THAT HEARETH SAY COME."

BY REV. A. H. PLUMB.

THE National Christian Convention, held some time since in New York, led to an article in THE INDEPENDENT, from Rev. John Hall, D.D., written in a spirit of such warm appreciation and with such wisdom as to lead many hearts to rejoice in the large re-enforcement from abroad the American churches have received in this distinguished man.

There is, however, room for regret that an article which will have great weight, from its eminent authorship and from the manifest seasonableness of its practical hints, should not have been more guarded in one point. On that point, no doubt, the author is really at one with our wisest men. From some forms of Christian labor he would hold back some men till they are trained; and so would all. The terms, however, on which this is urged remind one of the counsel once unhappily very current in our country, but which it was hoped is this day would be heard no more. It is in the fear that some of the language of the article mentioned will be misapplied—in fact, because some of it has been taken up by men far less in sympathy with active Christian effort than its author, that it has seemed important to review a portion of it, rather, however, as reflecting their spirit than his. Thus it is said: "If we should find under hopeful impressions a weak, volatile, ill-instructed person, professing credibly to trust and love the Saviour, we should be in the line of our Lord's method, and of Paul's, if we said to such: 'The Lord has given you hope in Christ. Go now and learn more of his will. Ply with all diligence the private and public means of grace. Study conscientiousness in your common duties; and by and by you shall, if it be God's will to spare you, bring forth not only the fruit of good living, but the fruit of active effort in his cause.'" Now, most admirable advice, and never to be omitted, is all this, excepting that "by and by," which puts off indefinitely all active effort for the cause of Christ, and which in nine cases out of ten will effectually seal the convert's lips for life. Not by and by. Oh! no; but *now*, while his heart is warm—now, while he is eager for the work—let him begin. Guide him, instruct him, but let him begin. Aye, charge him to put not off a day his endeavors, by prayer and kind entreaty, to bring his old companions to Christ. Straight from his first interview with the Saviour he may go, as Andrew did, to tell his brother that he has found the Messiah, and to bring him to Jesus. The moment a sinner is born anew, the Spirit prompts him to cry, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." And when God has lifted him from the horrible pit and miry clay, and set his feet upon a rock, and put this new song into the convert's mouth, shall we smite him on the lips with this fearful "by and by"? No! Let the new song come out—"Many shall see it and fear, and shall trust in the Lord." "By and by you shall, if it be God's will to spare you, bring forth not only the fruit of good living, but the fruit of active effort in his cause." What if it is not God's will to spare him, hiding his light under a bushel, till that indefinite "by and by" comes around; is he to go to heaven without lifting a finger for the kingdom of God? All whom Christ has chosen are "ordained" to labor for him. "I have chosen you and ordained you that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." Does not the New Testament idea of "the fruit of good living" include "the fruit of active effort for Christ"? Our Lord, indeed, said to some whom he healed, "Tell no man"; but surely this is no rule for those converted now. No

The Independent.

RETROSPECTION.

BY S. H. BROWNE.

As travelers on some mountain high
Their backward glances cast,
And raise a song of thankfulness
For dangers safely passed;
So we, upon our pilgrim course,
Would pause a moment here,
To mark the pathway we have trod,
With gratitude sincere.

O Thou who hast thy children bound
In holy brotherhood,
And charged them with a blessed work,
To fill the world with good,
'Tis by thy promise and thy strength
Our victory must be won;
'Tis by the baptism of thy grace,
The spirit of thy Son.

We thank Thee for the precious past,
Its blessings and its tears;
We leave the future in thine hand,
With all its hopes and fears.
We only ask a clearer faith,
A more obedient love,
A willing hand, a tender heart,
That heaven-born faith to prove.

So shall the influence of thy grace
Like freshening streamlets go,
Diffusing life and fruitfulness,
How far soe'er they flow;
Till, gathering like a mighty flood,
Through all the earth they roll,
To purify its moral wastes
And save the human soul.

THE HISTORIC JESUS.

VI.

THE PREACHING OF JESUS.

BY REV. SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D.D.

JESUS was a *peripatetic* preacher—traveling from place to place, unpatronized by men, unsupported by any organization, and uncommissioned by any ecclesiastical authority, without any set time or place for his discourses, or any special class of persons for his hearers. His utterances were conversational and *ex tempore*, coming at the moment and meeting the wants of the moment; and yet they are so marked by sagacity, wisdom, and purity as to defy the criticism and challenge the admiration of all ages. Dealing with themes than which none can be more vast or vital, he yet spake in a manner so simple that his teaching suits all grades of intelligence. He was affectionate and tender, evincing the truest friendship toward man; and yet, when the occasion called for it, he denounced iniquity in words of the most terrible severity. Jesus spake *positively*: not as if giving presumptions, or stating the results of investigation; but as if he knew to an absolute *certainty* the truth of what he said. He, moreover, claimed to speak by an inherent and essential *authority* vested in himself, demanding obedience to his words, and making the eternal happiness of the hearer dependent upon such obedience. He gave prominence to the fact that he was to die by the hand of violence; and to the further fact that this death, though seemingly a disaster, would go into history as one of the prime elements of his power among men.

Such was Jesus of Nazareth, and such he appeared to be, as he opened his ministry, and then pursued it without deviation, intimidation, or self-contradiction, till we find him stretched on the Cross of Calvary, and there groaning in his final anguish. We search history in vain for any parallel to the characteristics of this Galilean Preacher. They belong to Jesus, and him only.

The *doctrine* which fell from his lips, considered in its specially *Judaistic* relations, embraces the following items: first, the announcement of himself as the Divine Messiah of prophetic promise; secondly, the recognition of the Jewish Theocracy, civil and ecclesiastical, with all the facts of history pertaining thereto; thirdly, the indorsement of the Jewish Scriptures as of divine authority; fourthly, the exhibition of the moral and religious apostasy of the nation from the comparative purity of earlier times; and, finally, the prediction of the judicial doom then impending over this people. Upon each of these points Jesus freely spake to his countrymen according to the flesh.

Choosing twelve disciples, and intending to make them his future apostles, he on several occasions informed them of his approaching death, and also his resurrection upon the third day thereafter. He also notified them of the sufferings and persecutions which they would be called to endure for his name and sake. He promised to them the extraordinary aid of the Holy Spirit as a comforter and illumining guide. He gave them special instructions in reference to their future work as the preachers of his Gospel among men. Jesus thus told his disciples what to expect, and what to do when he should be personally absent from them.

A much *broader* doctrine—more generic and universal in its application, adapted to the race, and meant to furnish the fundamental principles of religion for all men and all ages—we find in what Jesus taught in respect to *God, man, duty, sin, salvation, and immortality*. These were his great themes.

According to the statement of Jesus, God is not indifferent, implacable, or hostile toward humanity; but rather benevolent and merciful. He is not too great to heed the cries of his earthly children, or too much occupied to minister to their wants, or so inflexible in the exactions of justice as to preclude the possibility of pardon. The central and, for substance, oft-repeated averment of the Great Teacher we have in the declared fact that "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The tender and forgiving compassions of God are dramatized in the parable of the Prodigal Son. A successful appeal to his mercy is set before us in the prayer of the Publican. Jesus taught us to address God as "our Father who art in heaven." He assured us that if we, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto our children, much more shall our Father who is in heaven give good things to them that ask him. The character of God, as he preached it, is suited to win our confidence, excite our love, develop the spirit of prayer, cancel our fears, awaken hope, purify and exalt our faculties, and by an earthly service of piety prepare the soul for the delights and employments of a holy heaven. The activities and expressions of a divine friendship toward man mark every line of the picture, as drawn by Jesus of Nazareth. He sought to impress the race with the fact that God, so far from being its enemy, is really its best friend. Though he is the holy and the just God, still the case of sinners is not absolutely hopeless under his government.

The doctrine of Jesus in regard to *man* is not that of the mere philosopher, coldly dissecting mental faculties, or that of the tutor, reading professional lectures for pay; but rather that of the earnest philanthropist, impressed with the condition, the capacities, and wants of man, and intensely anxious to act toward him in the character of a friend. The teacher seems deeply interested in the good of the pupil. The human *soul* is his mount of vision. Hence his question, "For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Hence, also, his parable of the rich fool, as a warning to those whose practical life does not look further than the transient interests of time. Though entering into no scientific analysis of human powers, Jesus evidently saw something real and vast in our soul-life—something transcending all the relations of earth and outlasting the decay and dissolution of our physical frames. He always treated even the humblest form of humanity upon the hypothesis of its stupendous value. What we shall eat, or what we shall drink, or wherewithal we shall be clothed, he viewed as but minor questions. The treasures which men lay up on earth, in his estimate, are of no consequence in comparison with those which they ought to lay up in heaven. He told his disciples not to fear those who simply killed the body; but rather to fear him who had power to destroy both soul and body in hell. No one can attentively ponder the words of Jesus without feeling that the soul is a pearl of price immense. He stands before the whole empire of human souls as a teacher to quicken their self-knowledge of what they really are, and as a friend saying to them, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." That kind of mental philosophy which warms the heart and incites to action has borrowed its best impulses from the ministry of Jesus.

Duty—that sacred word—in an exegesis so comprehensive that nothing can lie beyond it, and at the same time so simple as to be a sufficient guide in every possible case, found its expositor in him who spake as man never spake. As a *spirituality* toward God all duty is summed up in the single principle of *supreme love*. Worship, prayer, thanksgiving, praise, specific acts of obedience—these are but the forms of the one primal duty. Social *morality* in all its varying shades Jesus embraced in a single statute—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The parable of the good Samaritan is given as an illustration of the principle here stated. Further to guide us in its proper application, Jesus teaches us that we must forgive our enemies, bless them that curse us, do good to them that hate us, and pray for them that despitefully use and persecute us. The essential thing required is a *good temper of heart*—on the one hand pure and right toward God, and on the other pure and right toward man. Jesus always proceeded upon the theory that, if we are right in the first relation, we certainly will be in the second. Spirituality and morality, though different in their spheres of action, were associated as coexistent states and expressions of one and the same character.

Sin was treated by Jesus as an appalling fact existing in the heart of man, revealing itself in the life, always implying the blameworthiness of the subject, disqualifying the soul for the pure joys of heaven, and so universal that no one is exempt from it. While he often commented with just severity upon particular forms of moral evil, he turned with special emphasis to the *heart* as the seat and source of all sin. Rebuking the false philosophy of the Pharisees, he said: "For from *within*, out of the *heart* of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride foolishness; all these things come from within, and defile the man." According to this diagnosis, a vitiated and perverse heart is the parent criminality from which all others spring. The parable of the Prodigal Son sets forth this estranged heart, wandering from God and feeding upon the husks of time. The doctrine of repentance, as both a duty and a necessity and also of moral renovation by the spirit of God—so fully preached by Jesus—was founded upon this view of human nature. His whole treatment of men in respect to the question of sin uniformly assumed that a radical change was needed in the moral affinities and affections of the soul, and in this sense Jesus was the most thorough and searching of all reformers. He offered no speculations about sin as to its permission in the government of God, or its ingress into the bosom of the race. He rather took man *as he is*—as he found him; and to him, and of him, he spake accordingly.

In this dread emergency of humanity, implying subjection to law, liability to punishments, incompetency as to any adequate self-relief, and hence an urgent need of some foreign help, Jesus, in his own personal services, proffers a *salvation* to the faith and acceptance of the world, requiring repentance toward God, and faith in him as the conditions of saving mercy. Nothing is more manifest than that he thought himself to be the world's *Saviour*; and nothing more manifest than that he regarded his own death as an atonement in human behalf. The words he uttered, when appointing and explaining the memorial of his death, make that death a sin-offering. His blood, as he thought, was to be "shed for many for the remission of sins." His life, as he thought, was to be given as a "ransom for many." On this point Jesus said too many things, and said them too often, to make any other view allowable. If he was not mistaken in his own estimate of himself, then his relation to a race of sinners is not simply that of a great Moralist, but also that of a great *Saviour*. So he appears as self-reported. It was his constant effort so to place himself before human thought that men would look to him and trust him as a Saviour—not only teaching them what they must do, but himself doing for them what they could not do for themselves. Thus the apostles understood him; and hence it was their uniform doctrine that "in him we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." The exclusion of this view totally remodels the Gospel system, and makes it in fact "another Gospel." It rejects the only theory of salvation known to the Scriptures.

The *great future* into which death opens, though not an original doctrine with Jesus, was by him reduced to a revealed certainty. No one who trusts his words can have a moment's doubt as to the reality of the after-life. He brought "life and immortality to light." Without going into details, or attempting to make us as familiar with the future as we are with the present, he sought to impress men with the belief that there is an intimate connection between their moral state here and their eternal state hereafter—such a connection that the future involves a dispensation of *reward* or *punishment* according to the character acquired in time. This solemn thought lies upon the very face of the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, as also upon that of the wheat and the tares. We meet the same idea in the judicial review, trial, and disposition of the race, which are set before us in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew. The doctrine of the resurrection, as proclaimed by Jesus, represents those who have done good as coming forth unto the resurrection of life, and those who have done evil as coming forth unto the resurrection of damnation. Both the letter and the spirit of his whole ministry are alike impressed with the doctrine of *retribution* as a fact of the future life. He treated men as if their eternal interests were depending upon their conduct in time. Nothing can be more foreign to the uniform tenor of his teaching than the supposition that action here will have no effect hereafter, or that opposite courses of moral conduct will be followed by the same result. Such a supposition renders nugatory no small part of his appeals to human nature, and in fact makes Jesus a false alarmist.

God and man, duty as resulting from our relation to both, sin as an awful fact in man's history, salvation as a remedy for sin, immortality with its retribution of reward or punishment—these are the topics, world-wide in their application, upon which Jesus poured the light of his own wisdom. He knew that what he said was spoken in the historic whispering-gallery of the world. He meant that the race of men should hear him, and make him alike their authority and their Saviour. The ruling idea impressed upon his whole ministry consists in the promulgation and establishment of a *divine religion* for the instruction and salvation of men—a religion permanent as time, universal as human want, and in the end superseding and displacing all other religious systems. Taking Jesus for a Teacher and a Saviour, we have in life the best guide and in death the best ground of hope known to man.

THE LOST GUID-MAN;

OR,

JANET FOREMAN'S STORY.*

BY REV. J. E. RANKIN.

ONE summer in July, when on the walls,
And roofs, and spires, and lofty palace-halls,
The sun, like king barbaric with gold crown,
Was pouring all his hottest terrors down,
A knot of ladies from "Auld Reekie" went,
On pastime, health, and pleasure bent,
To live at Annefield, a suburban place,
Simple and sandy and with scarce a grace,
To bathe them in the surf, to walk, to fish,
To treat themselves to many an humble dish:
A wife, whose husband was in foreign parts;
A daughter, decked with all the city arts;
A grandchild, orphaned ere her feet could go,
But treated so as not the loss to know;
An unwed aunt, who in the grave had laid
A noble man who sought her as a maid;
A dog, Newfoundland, and the grandchild's pet,
That loved in brine his shaggy coat to wet—
A brute protector of them each and all,
That came all bounding, eager at their call,
That human seemed, so wise and true was he,
And more than human in fidelity.
These often saw a woman, quaint and old,
Sitting upon a crag, surf-worn and bold,
That overlooked the restless, foamy Firth,
As though oblivious of all things on earth;
Wrinkled her brow with many a deep-scored care,
Falling in silvered curls her unthinned hair,
Her well-arched brow and face of classic mould,
Her blue eyes' depths, of true refinement told.
She sat there gazing off upon the sea,
As though it had some charm or mystery:
As though within its depths some treasure lay
Hidden forever from her reach away.
At last, from meetings oft, acquainted grown,
She told this tale in tender undertone:

"Some two-score years ago, in a' the town
There was nae happier cottage than our own.
Just shade the settin' sunbeams wi' your han',
And look off westward; there ye see it stan's.
'Twas Davie's self, before I was his bride,
When we had luve-walks by the foam-fringed tide,
That singlit out the spot, alane and free,
Where my bright lamp wad shine far off at sea;
And, being unco skilled wi' saw and plane,
To put it up himself he was fu' fain.
And sae, when fishin' days were dull or gaun,
Our hame and comin' years intent upon,
He hew'd the timbers, drove the ringin' nails,
Fitted the slantin' roof wi' cedar scales;
While, like the master-workman, happy I,
To hear the soun's and see the shavin's fly!
Well, soon 'twas done, and then we twa were wed,
The crownin' day for baith we thought and said.
How aft the sunrise met the curlin' smoke,
When frae the waves the purple mornin' broke;
How aft the stars leuked out o' Heaven to see
Sic human bliss as fell to him and me!
'Tis but a step; alang this path let's walk,
An', till we reach it, I will stap my talk."

And while they went behind the cliff the sun
Dropped, as a votive shield in battle won,
And hung aloft to grace a temple's walls,
Jostled by jarring door, descending falls;
While all the west with clouds was overrun,
Like painter's pallet when his work is done.
And now they sit beneath the vine-draped door,
That overlooks the hamlet and the shore,
And she resumes the tale she left before;

"About a month, I think, a month or more,
The wonted herrin' fishin' had been over,
When guid-man, that was Davie, meel ye ken.
And, syne he's dead, he was the best o' men;
As clear his een as Heaven's unclouded blue,
Sae strang his limbs, his voice sae kind and true;
I ha'e his picture hung upon the wa',
Just walk this way and see it in the ha'.
There, just like that he leuked when we were wed,
Dressed in his best, and sae held up his heid.
Don't min' me, for the woun' is always fresh;
For, though the spirit's willin', weak's the flesh.
My guid-man, he that's here, and he that's there,
Said: 'Janet,' as he drew alang his chair,
'Here is the pickle silver I ha'e earned;
For bonnet and for gown I ken ye've yearned:
Sae buy them baith, it sweetens a' my work
To see ye walkin' Sundays to the kirk,
Wi' cheeks a' blushin', and with hair o' gowd;
For a' the hamlet kens o' ye I'm proud.
There'll be enough—for next on that I doat
To buy for me a bonnie fishin'-boat,
Sae snug and trim, sae gantle fore and aft,
'Twill surely overhaul all ither craft.
And 'Janet Foreman' that shall be the name
Upon the stern, and on the flag aflame;
A' ither boats 'twill stan' as far before
As my ain Janet a' alang the shore.'
And see we sat beside the chimla there,
An' leuked, and bigged our castles i' the air:
The bonnet an' the gown were baith for me,
An' sae the bran new boat was, ye can see.
But, ah! my ladies, 'tis an awfu' truth
That aften fell frae my auld mither's mouth:
'Tis not in man that walks his path to choose;
It is not his to take, nor to refuse.
The bran new boat was never to be made;
The gown and bonnet, black as nicht their shade;
And his 'twas never mair again to be
To sail his boat or gang to kirk wi' me;
But 'twas God's will, and sae it shall be mine—
He glied me a', to Him I a' resign.
Herein's were gaun, but haddocks still were gran',
An' bigger grew the siller in my han';
For never had the weather an' the sea
Been better for my guid-man and for me.
Aweel! aweel! December was half gaun;
The day'd been fair, and nicht was creepin' on;
I'd put the lines in order and the bait,
Neptune was moanin' for him at the gate;
I'd filled his basket wi' a goodly store,
And it sat waitin' just within the door;
We'd ta'en our supper, and before he went
To God our wonted e'enin' worship sent.
An' then, without anither word, he rose
An' kissed our babie in her soft repose—
Our ancly one; (for thirteen years had past
Before her little fragile bark was cast
Within the friendly shelter o' our hame,
Three years before our little Maggie came;)
And then, wi' laughin' word to me, alang
Wi' Neptune at his heels, and some sea-sang
Upon his hearty lips, away he strode;
An' soon four strappin' chiels adoon the road,
As crew, o'ertook him: what could I forebode?
The sun, 'tis true, had set that nicht in blood,
An' there were clouds that augured nathin' good;
The wives new-married, they had gann adoon,
An' lassies waitin' to be married soon,
To see their guid-men an' their sweethearts aff.
An' I had heard the cheer an' answerin' laugh.
For I, strang in my faith, strang in my luve,
An' not sic early tenderness above,
Was busied roun' the house, until 'twas dark,
Wi' milkin' o' the cow and ither wark.
An' when I fastened winnocks and the door
I heard the boats a-callin' down the shore,
An' warkin' slowly out into the sea.
An' then I prayed upon my bended knee
To Him wha hauds the waters in his han',
To Him wha walk'd upon them as on lan',
To Him wha stills them as to rest a child,
That frae their surgin' depths and frenzy wild
He'd watch and ward upon my Davie keep,
And send him back again frae aff the deep.
Ah! ladies, prayer's a helpfu' thing and gran',
To ease us of our sorrows kindly plann'd,
To sweeten a' our joys, and to prepare
For comin' griefs, in store we ken not where.

I took our babe and got me aff to bed,
Upon my arm was laid her trustfu' heid,
A sweeter burden mither never had.
An' there I lay, half mournfu' and half glad;
Now thinkin' on my Davie gaun frae me,
Now wond'rin' why sae tearfu' I sud be,
I lay half wakfu', gazin' at the fire,
As it would wildly loup and then expire;
And soon I dropp'd into as soun' a rest
As ever came to ony wearie breast.
Sic pictures sweet came to me in my dreams,
Just came and went, as if by fitfu' gleams:
We twa were sittin' by our ain fireside,
Before the bable came—I still a bride.
He leuked sic luve frae out his tender eyes,
He spak sic words, and gied me sic replies;
An' then he seem'd to fade and fade away,
As stars go out before the dawn o' day.
How lang I slept I do not truly ken,
I ainly know, lang 'twas ere day ageen,
I heard, as 'twere the thunder's peatlin' soun',
The winds awake and sweep our roof aroun';
Sieven a night it was! I heard the sea
Breaking against the rocks relentlessly.
Where was my guid-man then? Alas! I thocht,
'The darkness hideth not frae Thee!' This brought
Some comfort. An', besides, he saw the storm
A brewin'; sae in Berwick snug and warm,
Or in Dunbar, he's ta'en his trusty boat,
An' there she'll safely ride the tempest out.
I was na frichened, yet I could na sleep,
Sic tumult did the win's and waters keep.
I lighted up the fire, and down God's book,
We'd read sae aften, I for comfort took.
And thus I waited for the comin' morn,
It came, at last, with a' its cauld and scorn,
An' guilty-like, as though it wad na own
What it weel kenned the cruel nicht had done.
It came, at last, and down alang the shore
Were wives and sweethearts, ah! weel nigh a score.
A heavy fog hung like a fun'ral pall
Upon the pier, and over the waters all.
We leuked in vain, for naething could be seen;
Naething but waves against the rocks moss green—
The loupin, surgin', treach'rous waves, that came,
But brocht nae tidin's on their snawy faem.
We lookit eastward, westward, too, in vain.
Ah! naething, naething but the fog agen,
The fog, and angry roarin' sea; no sail,
No broken mast, no sign that could avail
To solve the mystery or to tell the tale.
We talkit much thegither, and made out
They'd sail'd for Berwick or Dunbar, no doubt;
And that they'd tak the road before the nicht,
And come to gladden our poor achin' sight.
And sae to Musselboro', on that day,
We women-folk to meet 'em took our way.
We thocht our guid-men and the lads wad come
Ere we had tramp'd ower half the road frae hame.
Like torrents, then, the rain was pourin' down;
We felt it not, nor heard its many soun',
But ah! we found them not, and sae our lane
We traveled back. Of griefs each had her ain;
Intill the west went down the sad, sad day.
On came the gloamin' hour, sae cauld and gray;
And darker grew the twilight, darker still,
And not a word of hope our hearts to thrill.
Ah! sic a nicht in Annefield never was,
Of sic anither may there ne'er be cause!
How many hearts within our hamlet broke
Before the next day frae the sea awoke!
How many, too, that could na think or sleep!
How many, too, that could na break'or weep!
Ah! ladies, aften had I sung the sang,
'My guid-man's step hath music in't.' 'Twas lang
Before I kenned the meanin' o' the line;
But then, alas! I could too weel divine.
My Davie's footfa', ah! was never mair
To sing his welcome comin' on the stair.
'Twa days passed slow awa'; and then the waves,
As if they tokens brocht frae rifted graves,
As if they mock'd our sorrow and our woe,
Washed up the broken spars frae down below.
Oh! when we saw them, then we kenned the een
That blink'd wi' sunshine never mair'd be seen;
That we might leuk and leuk across the sea,
And to our sight nae long'd-for craft should be;
That we might listen still frae year to year,
But ne'er the music of their voice wad hear;
That never till the sea gave up its dead
Wad morial ken where God had made their bed.
What wrepin', lamentation, sorrow, woe!
In the gran' words o' Scripture that ye know,
Rachael a weepin' for her bairns, and we
For those that better were than bairns could be!

But, in this season of my bitter need,
Adoon I bowed my beaten, droopin' heid;
I kenned that He wha made us knows the best
How He can fit us for His heavenly rest.
I ask'd my guid-man's safe return to hame;
God took him *there*, and that is a' the same.
That is our hame; our bable's gaun there too,
An' I am but waitin' till my wark is through.
'Twill not be lang; ye see I'm auld and gray,
I'm waitin' for *His* ca' to rise and gang away."

Her auld voice drops, and they are all in tears,
Just then from out the cloud the moon appears:
And so, with many thanks and greetings fair,
They thoughtful to their quiet home repair.

* Founded on a prose narrative

NORA THE EXILE.

BY ANNA S. DIMMOCK.

"No man cometh unto the Father but by *me*."

"WHERE in the world can I find a competent sewing-girl?"

It was a lady upon whose hands had accumulated an unusual amount of the endless sewing always required, and before whose eyes there passed phantoms of numberless garments imperatively needed; so no housekeeper will wonder that she asked the question in a forlorn way.

"Advertise, of course," said Mr. H., from behind his newspaper. "That's the way *we* do when we want help."

The lady took her husband's advice. And on the next day her heart ached at the crowd of wistful faces who came demanding employment, while she could only employ *one*. Among them there was a fair young girl, whose shy, reserved manners were curiously united to a certain dignity which charmed at once; and, finding that she understood the work to be done, Mrs. Howard gladly engaged her.

So Nora came and went in the household, performing her tasks with a marvelous perfection and quickness, winning the little ones to her side with gentle words, singing softly low melodies that were strange to our ears; but we never knew aught of her history, till one day a poor Irish beggar, in motley rags, passed the window where she sat. Then, thinking herself alone, she dropped her work, and, exclaimed, passionately:

"O Ireland! O my country! that thy children should fall so low! Oh! my heart bleeds for thee and for them!"

So "our Nora," as we called her, was an Irish girl; and we knew that her life must have had some sad story, or she would never be alone so far from home and friends. But how could we offer her comfort, or how should we know her history? When she first came among us, she wished to be excused from our family worship; but through the closed door the music of our hymns would float, and we knew she could not help hearing the fervent tones of prayer. One morning we noticed that she did not close the door of her sewing-room; but contented herself with making devoutly the sign of the cross and sitting quietly while the prayer was made, and the petition for "the stranger within our gates" was unusually fervent. That touched her heart. We found her sobbing bitterly; and good, motherly Mrs. Howard sent us all away, while she soothed the poor girl, and from her lips learned the story I shall tell you.

When a little child, Nora's mother was taken away, leaving her to be the darling of her father and the petted plaything of older brothers. Wealth in abundance was theirs, no wish was denied. But Nora was early taught the lessons that every Romanist makes it his imperative duty to teach his child—taught to regard all Protestants with fear and scorn; taught that it was a deadly sin to listen to Protestant worship; that all heretics were condemned of God. But in her father's library there was a splendid Bible, heavily clasped and bound, and rich with wonderful pictures, which, as an especial treat, she was sometimes permitted to examine. As she grew older, and able to read and judge for herself, her father told her the holy priests forbade her studying that book; that only through their lips could she understand its teachings, and from them she must learn its wisdom.

Never thinking of disobedience, the happy years drifted the child on till the "brook and river" met and mingled, and womanly hopes and fears made her heart throb. Life looked very fair before her; and daily she thanked the Virgin for all the brightness that crowned her, and, kneeling beside her priest, searched her heart for something to confess.

One day, on her way to the chapel, carrying her bouquet of rare flowers for the shrine, she met a young man who superintended some manufactories for her father, and he laughingly pleaded for just *one* rose.

"No, no," said Nora. "It is for Our Lady, and your hands must not touch it!"

"But why do you put it before that image, Nora? Can it see you; can it hear you; can it smell the fragrance of your flowers? What is 'Our Lady,' as you call her, more than any other saint?"

Shocked too much to speak, Nora stood till he finished, and then found voice to say, indignantly: "Our Lady is the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of God; and woe, woe to them who dare to speak of her lightly. Oh! James, take back your wicked words!"

But the young man only answered: "Go with your flowers, Nora; say your Ave Marias; and then go home and look in your father's Bible for the words which the Messiah himself spoke. You will find them in the Gospel of St. John, the sixth verse of the fourteenth chapter. Pardon me, if I have offended."

The young girl chid herself that, kneeling before the shrine, she should dare to even remember the impious words, and resolved that she would not open the forbidden book. But she was Eve's own daughter; and the young man's words haunted her, so it was not long before, locking herself in the library, she opened the splendid volume, and read with beating heart the Saviour's words:

"No man cometh unto the Father but by *me*."

Surely then her faith was all insecure. But the lessons of a life-time could not be lightly thrown aside; so she must examine further. With fascinated eyes she read on and on, those matchless words, impressed more and more with their solemn truth; and the tears streamed freely at the wonderful tenderness in that prayer which is the Christian's dearest inheritance.

Closing the book, she awoke to what she termed her sin in daring to read for herself, and hastily fled to her room. But the words had burned themselves into her memory, never to be effaced. Over and over again they came to her, as she told her beads: "*No man cometh unto the Father but by me!*" Just then over her sunny days came a heavy cloud. Her father, without consulting her, had promised her hand in marriage to a man more than twice her own age, and bade her prepare for the sacrifice. All her life she had bowed to his will; and, though utterly loathing the man she must marry, she dared not rebel, while the weeks rolled away. In three days she would be a bride; and suddenly she seemed to realize all the hateful future which would be her lot. Desperate with grief, and maddened with the new knowledge that one whom *she did* love would gladly lay down his life for her, she went to her father, and begged for *mercy*. For the first time in her life, he denied her, with harsh, bitter words, and threatened her with his direst curse should she disobey. What could the poor girl do? We can fancy the tortures of those days. But her decision was taken; and the next steamer found our Nora among her passengers, exiled from home forever, cursed by her father, scorned by her brothers, and only rich in the sense of freedom and the knowledge that one true heart would soon follow her.

"Oh! those were weary days on the wide waters, when dear Ireland faded away from my eyes; and wearier still when my feet trod your strange streets, and I found no familiar face to greet me," said poor Nora.

Some of the passengers found her a respectable lodging; and she waited, with the sickness of hope deferred, for employment. She was a stranger, and "they all wanted references," she said, with a sob, that made Mrs. Howard's tears flow afresh; while then Nora poured out her gratitude for the kindness that had trusted her, and believed in her, though she was poor and unknown.

That chapter was ended; henceforth our house was her home, until her Hugh should come to claim her. So Nora's songs had a merrier ring; we learned to love her musical laugh; the sad, patient smile gave way to a happier look; and we all loved her dearly.

Now she sat reverently in our family circle, though always crossing herself first, when prayer was offered; and we often heard her say to herself: "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." Oh! *is it true?*"

One day she came in with a face glowing with excitement. And she hurriedly exclaimed: "There, Mrs. Howard, I have done it now. What will the priest say? I have been to *your* church, I have heard *your* minister; and I think it *is true!*"

"*What* is true, Nora?"

"Why, those wonderful words: '*No man cometh unto the Father but by me.*'"

"They *are* true, Nora; and you will learn to love them like no other words, if our Saviour speaks them to your heart." And Mrs. Howard drew the trembling girl away to her own room, leaving her to read once more those precious chapters, while she herself thanked God, with a full heart, that the poor exile's feet had been turned toward the way of life, and earnestly prayed for help to lead the child therein. With Nora to decide was to act. Once convinced, she would take no half-way ground; and she sought for Jesus with the eagerness of a little child. By him she came to the Father; through him she received joyful assurance of forgiveness and peace; and willingly she enrolled herself among his followers.

There was for her, however, the cross to be borne, for her a bitter cup. Yet, secure in the heavenly love, she could well afford to let that which was *earthly* go. So she wrote to her Hugh of her new faith; telling him plainly that she had forever renounced the Romish faith, that henceforth no ear but her Saviour's would hear her confession, no voice but his pronounce her pardon. It was an anxious time for us all, waiting for Hugh's answer; and it came in a shape we little expected.

"A jintleman to see Miss Nora, ma'am," was Bridget's announcement, as she ushered into the parlor a fine-looking young man. And it scarcely needed "Miss Nora's" cry of "Hugh Hugh! and have you really come?" to make us understand who the stranger was.

His love for Nora was too tender and strong to give her up easily; so he came to try and win her again for himself and the Holy Church. Nora was firm, stronger in her pure faith than he in that of the priests. To all his entreaties she had but one answer. Then he gave up the contest, declared he had counted the cost; Nora *must* have heretic though she were; and he solemnly declared that in her religious preferences she should meet no opposition. So our Nora became Mrs. Hugh McLean, and we parted from her sadly enough.

"Good-bye, dear Mrs. Howard! God forever bless you for your kindness and love! You will not forget to pray for me, that I may have strength and grace to lead my husband to the Father through *my* Saviour."

She went South with her husband; and we received long, loving letters. She said she found discussion was useless; so she could only pray for her Hugh, and try to show him by her life how much her faith was worth.

A year passed away, and then Nora came back to us. Hugh's business called him away upon the frontier; and, fearing to leave her alone in New Orleans, he wished her to come to New York, with their child.

"Oh! he is so good and kind, and so proud of our darling; and, Mrs. Howard, don't you think he said, if I was unwilling, no Romish priest should lay his hand on baby's head in baptism. Wasn't *that wonderful?* And I do think he is learning those precious words that were the light to *my* feet—'No man cometh unto the Father but by *me*.'"

Dear Nora! She is, indeed, a "living epistle"; and we are often ashamed of our own coldness and apathy when we witness her zeal and fervor in the Master's service.

WHAT SHALL WE WEAR TO CHURCH?

BY REV. WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

IN a letter to a mechanic on the benefits of church-going, Timothy Titcomb uses the following words: "My first reason [for attending church] is, that, unless a man puts himself into a fine shirt, polished boots, and good clothes once a week, and goes out into the public, he is almost certain to sink into semi-barbarism. You know that unless you do this on Sunday, you cannot do it at all; for you labor all the week. . . . A man needs to beautify himself with good clothes occasionally, to associate himself that he is not brother to the beast by the side of which he labors during six days of every season; and he needs particularly to feel that he has place and consideration in clean society."

There is good sense in that suggestion. The people to whom it is addressed—mechanics and laboring men—would do well to give heed to it. But there is a large number of persons in most of our Sunday congregations who need no encouragement in this direction. The display of dress in many religious assemblies is hardly less magnificent than that which one sees at the opera or the dress rehearsal. It is quite common to hear a congregation praised as being very "stylish." The luster of silks, and the waving of plumes, and the glitter of tinsel, make the spectacle seem from the pulpit on the Sabbath day really a brilliant one. If the minister were as much given to the observation of millinery as some of his fair parishioners are, his position would afford him a most eligible outlook. If he can only contrive to forget where he is, and what the errand is that has brought these people together, he may even take great pleasure in the fair vision, for surely beauty of attire is not a doubtful good. Within certain rational limits, it is right for us to care for it and admire it. Such a picture as that which the minister beholds on Sunday from his pulpit is not of necessity sinful. There might be a time when he would enjoy it, and a place where he would not think it unbecoming; but that time is not the Sabbath day, and that place is not the house of worship.

We have heard, of late, some earnest protests against this unseemly display of dress in the churches. Men and women who are at the furthest remove from asceticism, who most heartily believe in enjoying the good things of God in proper measure—Mrs. Stowe, for one—have felt that there is a shocking impropriety in turning the public service of the Lord's house into a dress-parade, and have spoken out their minds about it in the plainest manner. Other voices must be heard rebuking the wrong. Many of those who are offending in this way are doing it thoughtlessly. A plain statement of the mischiefs which result from their conduct will serve to put them on their guard.

One of the obvious evils of the practice of elaborate dressing for church is the waste of holy time. Some of the good women whom we see at church every Sabbath must have spent two or three hours in the work of preparation. The task of putting on so much finery is no slight one. And it is not seldom the case, we suspect, that individuals stay at home on the Sabbath because so large a part of the morning is occupied in sleep, or in the care of the house, that there is not time enough left to dress for church. If the toilet were a little simpler, less time would be required to make it, and the hours thus saved might be profitably spent in reading or in restful thought. Many persons complain that the Sabbath is to them the busiest day of the week. Is not the work of the toilet one very large part of their labor?

Moreover, it does not seem that this careful and laborious attention to dress would be the best possible preparation for the worship of God. I should think that one who had been grinking before the looking-glass for an hour or two on Sunday morning, studying the intricacies of modes and lingerie; vexed with pins, and ribbons, and dickies; tormented with gave apprehensions that something would seem to be in bad taste or in poor style—such an one, I should think, would be wholly unprepared to find much profit in acts of devotion. If the church were only a lyceum, and there were no pretense of worship—if the object of coming together on the Sabbath were only to discuss important matters relating to this life—there could not be a worse mistake than to spend the time preceding the meeting in such an employment. In no other way could the mind be more completely unfitted for serious and patient thought about any subject. But, since the chief object of these assemblages is to commune with the unseen God; to confess our sins before him, and to seek his forgiveness; to study his truth and learn his will—it would seem that such a manner of preparation for the solemn service is both absurd and irreverent. It is not needful that we should wear sackcloth when we come into his courts; but such absorbing devotion to the duties of fashion is not calculated to fit us for the worship of Him who will not bear vanity.

If the thoughts have been fixed upon dresses for the hour before service, they will naturally flow on in the same channel after the service begins; and, instead of joining in the song, or the prayer, or the unity of truth, the worshiper will be making eager observation of the various styles of dress exhibited, and plotting the purchase or the manufacture of new adornments.

But the worst of this Sunday overdressing is that it keeps the poor away from the churches. Naturally, those who are able to afford but the plainest and coarsest attire feel uncomfortable in the presence of so much splendor. Even if these Christians in magnificent apparel are neither haughty nor reserved in their manners, the poor people who meet them in the aisles or the vestibule can hardly help being oppressed by the disparity of outward conditions between themselves and their fellow-worshipers. Doubtless these poor people ought not to suffer such thoughts as these to trouble them; but they are human beings, and therefore do many things which they ought not to do. The notorious fact is that multitudes of them stay away from the churches for no other reason than that they are pained by the glaring contrast between their own vile raiment and the goodly apparel of the majority of the worshipers. This state of things is not only recognized, but justified, in some of our fashionable churches. Not seldom will you hear these stylish Christians say: "Of course, the poor people will not feel at home in our large churches. They cannot dress as well as we do; and they had better have churches and mission-chapels built for them, where they can meet with those of their own class." This is the way things are going in all our large cities. There are splendid churches on the avenues for the rich, and plain chapels on the back streets for the poor. The places where the rich and the poor meet together bowing before the Lord, who is the maker of them all, are almost unknown. If the locality in which a church-edifice stands happen to lose its aristocratic renown, and become a quarter where the poor reside, the building is forthwith abandoned to the Romanists or the money-changers, and the wealthier part of the congregation buy a lot in a stylish neighborhood up-town, and build thereon a costlier temple, leaving the poor to the tender mercies of the city missionary. This separation of the Christian Church into richer and poorer classes, which is going on so rapidly in our cities, is a spectacle to make good men weep. Talk about heresy and infidelity, when the very corner-stone of our religion is rejected, and when Christ himself, in the persons of the least of his brethren, is turned out of the churches!

"The poor ye have with you always," said the Master. "Not if we can help it, Lord," cry out the worshipers in a thousand gorgeous temples. "We intend to keep the poor by themselves. We don't think they would feel at home in our gay assemblies; and we have no thought of laying aside any of our magnificence for the sake of doing them good."

It is true that there are some churches in every city where a better state of things exists, and some good men in every church who are not ashamed to identify themselves with the ignorant and lowly classes; but the tendency, not only in the city, but also in the country villages, is quite the other way. It is to be hoped that this bad tendency will soon be checked. Our Roman Catholic brethren, and their first cousins, the Ritualists of the Episcopal churches, are far from being infallible either in doctrine or practice; but in this one particular they teach us a useful lesson. There is no Romish cathedral so splendid that the poorest servant-girl does not feel perfectly at home in it. The worshipers in those sanctuaries, particularly the richest of them

Our Young Folks.

STORMING THE FORT.

BY MARY A. P. HUMPHREY.

I SIT at ease in my window,
With the pleasant westward look,
And the l[ight] of the waning afternoon
Falls [across] my open book.

All day have the rhythmic snow-flakes
Come down on wood and lea,
Keeping time, like dancers who dance in dreams,
To a silent melody.

And my idle eyes will wander
Away from the printed lines,
O'er the far-spread fields of dazzling white,
Shut in by the somber pines.

Hark! a shout of merry voices!
A sound of trampling feet!
And peal on peal, like a morning chime,
Of laughter clear and sweet.

From the door of the little school-house
That stands at the turn of the road,
The children rush, a clamorous troop,
With baskets light of their load.

Their eyes like the starlight glisten,
The blood in their veins runs warm,
Little they reck of the snow-piled paths,
Little they care for the storm.

The fort that was raised in the nooning
Must be carried ere set of sun;
I hear the captain's shout, "To the front!"
And the bloodless strife is begun.

Behind the glistening bulwarks
The girls are hiding, I know;
Now I catch the glint of their blossoming
cheeks—
June roses lost in the snow.

How the hearts of their champion brothers
Beat high to a proud design,
Standing to meet the desperate charge
Of balls from the outer line!

They dash the snow from their faces,
Their eyes are tossed in the drift—
"Surrender?" Down the unwavering front
Comes the answer swift,

"Never!" The listening forest
Echoes the fearless cry,
And the wind, like a color-sergeant, waves
The mimic flag on high.

And I turn away from my window
To think of the battle of life—
How some of the children will vanquish the
foe,
And some will fall in the strife.

And I pray the good All-Father
To keep them gentle and brave,
Valiant to fight for the truth and the right,
Lifting the weak and the slave;

With never a thought of surrender,
Granting no truce to the wrong,
Lead to their leader, and welcomed at last
With the triumph of palm and of song.

BOYS, YOU ARE WATCHED.

BY REV. F. W. BEECHER.

A GROUP of men, at the opening of the state legislature, were talking of the applicants for position in the various offices in the gift of the senate and house of representatives.

Of course, there were a good many applying, and there must be some disappointment falling somewhere; and they were canvassing the matter to make it as nearly right all round as possible.

There were two desiring the same place in the senate chamber, both boys, verging into manhood—one the son of a high state official, the other the son of an officer who had died in the army in the late civil war. He had already performed the duties of the place he sought again.

This is the substance of remarks made, showing the truth of the assertion at the head of this article.

"Well, gentlemen, I think J—— ought to have this place, or a better one, if we can give it. He isn't a governor's son, and he hasn't any great friends to push him; but a boy who will do as he did at the last session—not spending his earnings on himself, never seen with a cigar in his mouth, or strutting along the street in dandy clothes, but quiet, and well-behaved, saving all his money and carrying it home and giving it to his mother—that boy, I say, deserves as good a place as we can give him." And so, though he had not that place he did get one as good, and probably better.

Now, boys, these words are for you. Nothing is more certain than, if this boy had given way to the temptation assailing those who are on the boundary line or the debatable ground between boyhood and manhood—if he had strutted in stunning and flashy clothes, if he had been all that is so well understood as comprehended in the term "fast," if he had not honored his mother—a precious, praying mother at home—and been a quiet, modest, pure-minded, gentlemanly boy, he never could have secured the appointment that now enables him to help this mother again.

He did not know that he was watched particularly. Probably he was not. But men are unconsciously observing; if not with the purpose of influencing future conduct, yet future conduct is influenced, as in this case. The character earned by him by his simple, unaffected ways and dress, by his filial affection and faithfulness, stood him in good stead; and because those who had watched him approved of what they saw in him they help him all they can.

There are boys in such a great hurry to be men that they ape their vices.

Boys who read THE INDEPENDENT ought to know better; but, if any one who reads these words of loving warning is tempted to be "fast," stop a minute and think.

You are watched. Business men are watching you. Your success or failure in life may be depending on what you are doing now, though you may think no one is observing you. Business men do not like to engage as clerks those who smoke, play billiards, and "spree it" occasionally.

So, my boys, I would have you, for your own sakes, and for the sake of those who love you, never to be anything else but simple and true. Resist all temptation to licentiousness. Don't look at, much less read, an impure book. Be sure that the truest manhood is simple and chaste. Don't touch a drop of intoxicating liquor of any kind, no matter by whom offered. And, if I were in your place, with your outlook of life, I would not form the expensive and useless (not to use even worse adjectives) habit of smoking. You will be surest to succeed if you are freest from all the major and minor vices.

Most of all, I would that you might make the best of life sure to yourself by being a true and consistent learner and follower of Jesus Christ.

MARY HOWLAND'S GHOST.

MARY Howland was a short, thick little body, with brown complexion, very shiney black eyes, set in white enamel, gleaming white and polished teeth, and hair that curled so crisp and short over her head that Coz. Joe used to say "he knew it grew as young onions come up—both ends in the scalp." In a low truckled bed, at one side of the great kitchen, Mary used to sleep; and one night (who ever heard of a ghost but in the time of shadows and darkness?) all had been long still and quiet, and Mary was far away in dreamland, when tap, tap, tap came a curious sound. Away went the shutters from Mary's ears, wide open went her eyelids, her eyes staring right up at the bare white wall above, where nothing was to be seen. Tap, tap, tap again she heard the sound; and right in that very room, she knew, for she was wide-awake now. The clear but pale moonbeams fell slanting over the short window-curtains; and, looking over the side of her low bed, she saw a *thing*, so uncouth in outline, so unearthly in form, that she became motionless with dread. Here and there it staggered, while thump, thump, thump it beat the floor. And now—oh horror! it came toward the very bed, with its dread tattoo. Nearer, nearer, while Mary's heart froze fast, and her eyes glared on the moving monster. She could not scream, she could not move. On it came, till it struck the side-board of her low bed, and she felt the tap, tap, tap thrill through the wood. She shrunk within herself, and her pulses fairly stopped. Slowly it passed on, pounding still its wierd alarum. She could endure no more; but, with a convulsive effort, she sprang from her bed, and fled to Uncle John's room, which opened out of the kitchen. Sinking down at his bedside, she gasped: "Oh! Master, Master! there's such an awful thing in the kitchen! It's as big as a calf, and got a head like a barrel!" Now, Uncle John had never happened to see a real ghost, so he was not long in making his way to the kitchen. And there, sure enough, he saw a *thing*, and the oddest sort of a thing, staggering in the oddest sort of way—now here, now there, with a constant thump, thump of its odd head upon the floor. For a moment Uncle John was bewildered. It wasn't *quite* as big as a calf; but then he never had seen just such a living oddity, and he looked sharply, and then his cheeks wrinkled a little, and then I think there was a little, low laugh; and then he managed to get hold of the iron poker, and cautiously he aimed a blow at that queer head. He struck it fairly; there was a clink—and Mary's barrel-headed calf dwindled down to her own pet kitten, Whitefoot, who had thrust her head into a small milk-jug (accidentally left upon the hearth), and couldn't get it out again; and so, blinded by her earthen helmet, she went thumping about till poor Mary was wild with fright. And this was the ghost that Mary Howland saw. KADEE.

Sabbath-schools.

MR. MOODY says that Chicago has more Sunday-school scholars, in proportion to its population, than any city in the Union.

....The average attendance at the South Mission Presbyterian Sabbath-school of St. Louis for 52 Sabbaths of last year was 1,140. On 15 Sabbaths there were over 1,300, on 38 Sabbaths over 1,000, and 2,133 on the Sabbath before Christmas.

....The annual meeting of the Washtenaw County Sunday-school Association, held as an Institute, Jan. 14th, was conducted by Rev. Edward Eggleston, and was noticeable for the valuable assistance rendered by the faculties of Michigan State University, at Ann Arbor, and the State Normal School, at Ypsilanti.

....Dr. H. C. Potter, rector of Grace church, in this city, knew of a boy who, on being asked to attend Sunday-school, declined, on the ground that he "had been to the Baptist Christmas-tree, to the Methodist Christmas-tree, and to the Episcopal Christmas-tree, and had got about all the good he could out of Sunday-schools." Dr. Potter thinks that, although this indicates an unhealthy state of things in the relation of the young to the Sunday-school, we must yet remember that there are thousands of poor children, living in desolate homes, to whom a Christmas festival brings perhaps the only joy of the whole year; and, when they go back from the feast to those homes, they carry not only in their hearts the glad songs of Christmas time, but in their hands gifts which are symbols of what Christmas means.

....The *Churchman*, of Hartford, is probably excelled by no other religious paper in the country in the fullness with which it reports the news of the week. For instance, from a full report of the Episcopal Sabbath-school Convention lately held in this city we glean some interesting facts. Forty-nine years ago, in 1820, Dr. S. H. Tyng started his first Sunday-school in Quincy, Mass. The only place of worship there then was what was called "a Unitarian temple." There was, however, a small Episcopal church; but it was seldom open for service, never more than four times a year. Bishop Griswold asked him and other boys to see if they could not revive the parish. And so they went round to gather together children and youth for a Sunday-school. The first person they found was then an apprentice to a carpenter, but is now an honored and useful clergyman and a doctor in divinity. Of two male teachers who offered their services in the work there, one has since served in the field of foreign missions, and the other died during his course of preparatory studies. They began with twenty-five scholars. They did not know much about the best methods of carrying on such a work; but they felt that they had a mission, and were determined to fulfill it. It is an interesting fact that, after St. George's church was burned, and they were preparing to build another, $100 was received for the purpose from that same Sunday-school at Quincy. Twenty years ago the different rectors in New York City met for the purpose of districting the city for a more thorough care of the poor. Dr. Tyng was assigned a certain section large enough for a diocese. He opened, in connection with St. George's church, a Sunday-school, which soon numbered upward of 1,100 scholars—so many that it was considered impossible to have more. But, his being the only church of any kind in that section then, there were vast numbers of children still left unprovided for and growing up in sin. He therefore obtained a room and opened a mission Sunday-school. Others took hold of the work with him, and it was eminently successful. That mission-school is now an important and flourishing church. At the outset he found, among the children gathered, sixteen of German parentage, who could not understand a word of English. It was necessary to find some one who could teach them in their own language. It was a long time before one of the right kind and character could be procured. When one was found, these German children were all taken into one class, and were subsequently removed to another section. They have now a German chapel, in which the bishop has confirmed over five hundred, and where there is, every Sunday, a crowded congregation. The English department of this mission Sunday-school also built a chapel. Both were erected through the offerings and labors of the children. One of them cost $20,000, the other $12,000. These buildings are now, and will remain, monuments of their Christian earnestness and love.

From these two mission-schools two others have started, so that at present there are four. As a result of these mission Sunday-schools in his parish, more than one thousand have been added to the communion of the church. Two men who were scholars and several who served as teachers are now officiating in the ministry. In fact, he counted among the most blessed effects of such missionary efforts among poor children the fact that young men were thereby gathered and secured for the sacred ministry. Fifty-three of the clergy of his church have in one way or another been under his hands.

Music.

THE delightful madrigal and glee concert which created so pleasant a sensation at Steinway Hall during the holiday week was, in obedience to very general demand, repeated at the same place, on Tuesday, the 26th ult., before a crowded and enthusiastic audience. The chorus, most of the solo singers, the accompanist, and the conductor were the same as before; and the programme showed but few changes, and those few were improvements. The best of the madrigals were Morley's "Now is the month of Maying," "Fair Phillis I saw" and "My bonny lass she smileth," Festa's "Down in a flow'ry vale," and Ford's "Since first I saw your face." There were only two glees, both modern—Hatton's "When evening's twilight" belonging to the present day, and Stevens's "Blow, blow, thou winter wind" to the beginning of this century. Mendelssohn's lovely hymn "Hear my prayer," one of the most profoundly religious of all compositions, and the "Integer Vitæ," which was so well sung at the first concert, were repeated, and deserved more applause than almost any other parts of the entertainment. The solo songs, by Mr. Aiken (Calcott's "The Soul's Errand"), Mrs. M. Hawley Johnston (Haydn's "My mother bids me bind my hair"), and Mrs. Enstaphieve, who chose two unimportant ballads, were, except the last, in keeping with the rest of the performance. Miss Toedt contributed, by way of variety, two violin pieces. The concert was brilliantly successful; and, as we listened to the delicious old music of by-gone days, and remarked with what genuine delight it was heard by all classes among the audience, we wondered whether we had learned anything in song-writing during the last three hundred years, and whether it would not be the most sensible and profitable course for us to go back again to the courtly music of those distant generations.

Of other musical entertainments during the past week few have been either good or successful. One or two of the conservatories have given their periodical concerts, at which the custom is for the best pupils to exhibit their proficiency, and for friends and parents to crowd the rooms and applaud everything. Many of these affairs are pleasant, but the critic has no need to speak of them. Mrs. Annie T. Cleveland had a complimentary concert at the Brooklyn Athenæum, on the 25th of January. Mr. Cesar Alard, the violoncellist, gave a little performance at De Garmo's, on the 28th, with the assistance of Madame Gueretti-Alard and Mr. Vilanova. On the same evening there was a concert at Steinway's, for the benefit of the German Ladies' Society for Widows and Orphans. This excellent charity must have derived considerable aid from the entertainment, for the room was well filled and the dead-heads, we presume, were few. Mr. Eberhard, organist, Herr von Intem, pianist, Mr. Candidus, tenor, Mr. Steins, baritone, Madame Gazzaniga, and Ole Bull, were the artists; and the music provided by them was, as might have been expected, of fine quality.

Scientific.

PREPARATIONS are now making to supply each state with a full set of the French decimal weights and measures. They will be ready for distribution before the end of the year.

....In Frankfort clergymen have the highest average duration of life, nearly 66 years; while teachers, gardeners, butchers, and tanners average about 57; and the lowest period is that of lithographers and copper-plate engravers, who only attain an average of 41.

....The medical fraternity in the vicinity of Binghamton, N. Y., gave a dinner, Jan. 30th, to Henry S. West, M.D., an able missionary in Eastern Turkey. He read a very interesting statement of his professional doings in the Orient. The American Board was toasted as being an association which "disseminated equally the truths of religion and the lights of science," and was the subject of many eulogies.

....The cinchona tree, from whose bark quinine is extracted, is a native of Peru. A quintal of bark (112 pounds) brings there $60. This is transported to England or the United States, and the alkaloid extracted; and, when returned to Peru, a single ounce of quinine is sold for as much as the entire quintal of bark. Its cultivation has been successfully introduced into Java and India, and might probably be successful in this country.

....Professor Chevalier, a celebrated French aeronaut, has lately arrived in New York City, and announces his intention to attempt in the Spring an aerial voyage across the Atlantic. He once went from Paris to Russia, a distance of 700 miles. He believes that there are continuous currents at an elevation of about two miles, which may be depended on to carry his balloon, which is 95 feet high and 150 feet in diameter and will contain 52 persons.

....The scenery in New Zealand is perhaps the most beautiful in the world. The glaciers from Mount Cook are the largest in the world, with the exception of those in the Himmalaya Mountains, and the extreme moisture and the absence of true winter brings them very near the valleys, while the semi-tropical vegetation, including the elegant palm-like ferntrees, grows close to their very edge. These ferns, unlike our dwarf brakes, rise to a hight of 30 or 40 feet, and make the western coast like a veritable fairy-land. Its distance and the dangerous Maori wars prevent those islands from being a resort for tourists. The summers are never hot; and the ground is always green, covered with creepers and parasitic plants.

....The last total eclipse was fruitful in observations and speculations. M. De Créty, who observed the eclipse from Aden, says that he saw three protuberances on the *moon's* limb, and drew seven figures of them. Owing to the clouds, he saw only the latter part of the eclipse, and his eyes were not fatigued; so that these phenomena, visible just as the moon was passing off of the sun's disk, were observed only by him. These observations, which need confirmation by other observers, would indicate that three volcanoes on the further side of the moon were in a state of eruption, and that the jets of vapor or ashes which were thrown up were illuminated by the sun, and thus for the first time visible to us, confirming Schmidt's disputed observations on the crater Linnæus.

....When Charlevoix first discovered the skunk, in Canada, he gave it the name of *l'Enfant du Diable*. Its secretion is the most powerful of all known odors; and has been perceived on the ground after it has been washed by the rains and snows of a whole winter. The sacs in which it is secreted do not contain more than a quarter of an ounce of the fluid. In a lecture on odors given by Mr. Lyman, in Montreal, he said that it had been used as a remedy for the asthma. He told the story of a venerable clergyman who, suffered from paroxysms of this disease, and always carried it with him, in a vial tightly corked. Having had an attack in the pulpit, and leaving the bottle uncorked while he hastily resumed the service, he soon found to his amazement that himself and sexton were the only occupants of the church—the whole congregation having fled, overcome by the intolerable odor, and fearing the approach of this timid creature, which is the most dreaded of all American animals.

....The currency which the most transparent and absurd scientific hoaxes find in this country is astonishing. A while ago the sensation was an immense serpent in Tennessee, whose skin was to be presented to Andrew Johnson. Then came a modern saurian cast ashore on the coast of Maine, for which Agassiz had offered a fabulous price. Then there had been discovered at Sauk Rapids, Minn., the sarcophagi of a race of giants which were eleven feet tall. The latest hoax is an account of the exploration of a cave in Rock Island, concocted by somebody of about the literary ability of the author of the Mormon Bible, giving an account of magnificent shrines, unique inscriptions, colossal figures, brazen obelisks, pictured bears, lions, and elephants, and other animals, American and Asiatic! Absurdly enough, the scribbler who writes the account found no difficulty in reading the Indian characters, and found such familiar words as "Sheol," and "All hope abandon ye who enter here!"

....The close similarity of twins, for evident reasons more marked than that between successive children in the same family, sometimes extends to points that would otherwise seem only the result of accident. Thus, Dr. Wm. Ogle, of England, has reported the case of two twin girls, in all respects extremely alike, who both had the little fingers of each hand crooked, and in both children the second bicuspid upper tooth in the second dentition was misplaced, growing from the roof of the mouth behind the first bicuspid. As they were both marked in the same way in two particulars, the idea of accident is excluded. In his "Clinique Medicale," Prof. Trosseau gives a more remarkable case, where a pathological similarity existed between two twin brothers. They were both fearfully asthmatic, and found that, on traveling from their native Marseilles, they were in the same places free from the feeling of oppression characteristic of the disease, or were prostrated by it. On one occasion Dr. Trosseau was treating one of them for an attack of rheumatic ophthalmia, when he told the doctor: "At this moment my brother must be suffering from ophthalmia just as I am." And some days after he showed Prof. Trosseau a letter which he had just received from his brother in Vienna, in which he said: "I have my ophthalmia, and you must be having yours."

Temperance.

A STATE temperance convention was held in Columbus, Ohio, Jan. 13th. An attempt to pass a resolution in favor of forming a temperance political party was defeated. A resolve declaring "that the medicinal use of alcohol is an evil, little, if any, less than the sale of it as a beverage," was laid on the table.

....Rev. T. Laurie, D.D., in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* for January, discusses the question, "What wine shall we use at the Lord's Supper?" He goes over the evidence and the argument elaborately, and reaches the conclusion, "from the established meaning of the word, from the customs of Biole-lands, and from the testimony of Holy Scripture, that wine is the fermented juice of the grape, and that such is the element appointed by the Saviour to be the memorial of his blood in the sacrament of the Supper."

....Rev. George Trask writes to us as follows: "My peculiar style in battling Satan in the shape of tobacco is now and then appreciated by railroad gentlemen. A free pass is sent to me by mail for one year, over one of our roads, couched in this language: 'Pass the Rev. Geo. Trask, for services in fighting the Devil on his own hook, until 31st Dec., 1869.' It is to be wished, Mr. Editor, that other gentlemen who have the control of railroads would do likewise; it would serve to shorten the visage of toil-worn, care-worn reformers."

....The Massachusetts State Temperance Alliance have sent a petition to Congress to enact a prohibitory law for the District of Columbia. Several states have enacted such laws, and when they have been enforced they have proved their excellence. Congress ought to protect the District. It is needed for its own members. Senators of both parties disgrace the country by open intoxication. Representatives reel through the House, or lounge drunkenly in their seats. The people are debased by such degradation. The citizens of the District need it.

....The Vermont State Temperance Society, at its annual meeting, recently held, resolved "that the use of or traffic in intoxicating liquor as a beverage utterly disqualifies a man for holding office in church or state; that we pledge ourselves to use all our influence, in convention and at the polls, especially to prevent the election of any man in this state to the office of grand juror or state attorney who will not sternly enforce our temperance law; that with our stringent temperance law the continuance of the unlawful traffic in intoxicating liquors, where the clear evidence of such traffic exists, is chargeable upon temperance men; and that we have read with a high degree of satisfaction the recent published reports of the firm position taken by Gen. Grant and Schuyler Colfax, our President and Vice-President elect, in utterly refusing to taste intoxicating drinks on various occasions and refusing to allow wine upon their tables."

....Rev. George Trask sends us the following antidote for the insatiable appetite for tobacco: "1. Make the most of your *will*. Drop tobacco, and resolve never to use it again in any form. 2. Go to an apothecary, and buy ten cents worth of gentian root, coarsely ground. 3. Take as much of it after each meal, or oftener, as amounts to a common dish of 'fine-cut' or 'cavendish.' 4. Chew it well, and swallow the saliva. 5. Continue this a few weeks, and you will come off conqueror; then thank God, and thank us." Mr. Trask gives the following reasons in support of his remedy: "1. Gentian is a tonic, bitter in taste, and will do much to neutralize and allay your taste for tobacco. 2. Gentian is a nervine. It will brace up your relaxed and flabby nerves, and save you from the *'awful goneness'* under which victims agonize. 3. Gentian for a short time is an innocent *substitute* for the quid or pipe. It employs the mouth, beguiles the attention, and gives a helping hand to a drowning man."

....A correspondent of the *Tribune* says: "The war of women against whisky has commenced in Perrysville, Ashland County, Ohio. A man opened a rum-shop in that place recently, and the ladies, while the usual remedy proposed to buy him out; but, as he intended to build up a large trade, he refused to sell. The women, however, were determined that he should not remain; and so, since he refused the very liberal terms they offered, they formed in line, and, with axes on their shoulders, marched to his place, and deliberately broke in the heads of all his barrels. Of course, the man was angry, and brought a suit in the county court; but was beaten, after incurring heavy expense. The people of this part of Ohio honestly think that the next war in this country will be between the women and whisky; and, though there may not be much bloodshed, you may rest assured rum will flow freely in the gutters. As the women of Ashland County have taken the matter in hand once before, we claim to have fought the Bunker Hill of the new revolution."

Foreign Gleanings.

THE London Ritualists have been holding great public meetings to protest against the recent decision of the judicial committee of the Privy Council.

....The first trial of election petitions by a judge, instead of a committee of the House of Commons, is now going on in England.

....Messrs. Strahan, publishers, have agreed to pay Alfred Tennyson £4,000 a year for twenty years for the copyright of his works.

....An English clergyman has published an essay to prove that Mr. Gladstone, the prime minister, is the Beast of the Apocalypse!

....The young Duc de Guise, son of the Duc D'Aumale, was lately thrown from his horse in an English hunting-field, and broke his leg.

....The conflict between the Government and the priests in Austria still continues, and the Government seems determined to hold its ground.

....Lord Strangford, a man greatly distinguished as an Oriental scholar, as well as a diplomatist, died suddenly in London, a few days ago. He was only forty-three years old.

....English papers state that Mr. Gladstone hopes to effect a reduction in the public expenditure for the coming year to the amount of nearly twenty millions of dollars.

....A movement is going on throughout India to raise subscriptions for a statue to Sir John Lawrence, the first "man of the people" who has been governor-general since the days of Warren Hastings.

....The Russian press is unanimous in predicting that the conference on the Greek question will prove to have been a total failure, and that there can be no pacific solution of the main difficulties involved.

....M. Walewski, who was mentioned lately in the European papers as having had a diplomatic mission in connection with the conference on the Greek question, is a son of the late Count Walewski. Count Walewski's mother was a Polish lady.

....The Count de Chambord has subscribed toward a monument to Berryer. He will might do so. Berryer's genius, character, and devotion were the noblest monuments in honor of the lost cause of Legitimacy and the elder family of the Bourbons.

....A company is being formed in Paris to prove by the exhibition and operation of large models the practicability of the scheme for constructing a bridge across the Channel, between Calais and Dover. The project of a tunnel seems to be again abandoned.

....A London publisher has started a periodical, called, oddly enough, the *New Keepsake*. It is made up of extracts from standard old authors. Its serial story is Smollett's "Ferdinand Count Fathom". It has essays by Addison and Goldsmith, poetry by Ben Jonson and Suckling.

....M. Edouard Laboulaye, when presiding lately in Paris at a lecture given by Jules Favre, took occasion to mention that he had received an invitation to visit the United States and deliver a course of lectures at $200 each lecture, with his hotel and traveling expenses paid; and that he had accepted the offer.

....A number of Russian ladies have sent an address to Mr. John Stuart Mill, thanking him for the efforts he has made on behalf of their sex. Mill's works are much read and admired in Russia; where, indeed, even before the days when Catherine the Second sat on a bust of Charles James Fox, English Liberals always found cordial admirers.

....During the recent fighting in Malaga, spain, women and girls seem to have fought on the side of the insurgents with all the desperate valor of the Maid of Saragossa. Girls rushed forward, in many instances, and flung their arms round the waists of the soldiers, thus rendering the latter almost powerless to resist the weapons of the insurgents. The rising, however, appears to have been hopeless from the very beginning.

....Dr. Russell (Bull Run Russell) is about to travel to the East as special correspondent of the *Times*, to describe the journey of the Prince and Princess of Wales. This seems a flunkeyish sort of mission for a man of high literary reputation, who was recently a candidate for a seat in Parliament. Dr. Russell, however, is not believed by his friends to have any particular dislike to following in the steps of great personages.

....Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., one of the leading Nonconformists of England, declines to pledge himself to co-operate with the Liberation Society in an attack on the English Church. He declares himself as much opposed as ever to the principle of a state church, but he will not promise to join in a parliamentary assault on the English Establishment. "Our great work," he says, "seems to me to be to indoctrinate the public mind with right views as to the separate functions of the church and the state, and to encourage Churchmen who are endeavoring to secure more liberty to seek it in the only legitimate way."

....Great sensation has been created in Spain by the assassination of the governor of Burgos. The dead was done while the governor was engaged in preparing an inventory of the property of the cathedral, which the Provisional Government have, it seems, resolved to take possession of on behalf of the Spanish nation. The dean and chapter of Burgos have been arrested on suspicion of having instigated the assassination. The crime has already had one good effect—it has precipitated the conflict between the State and the Church. The Provisional Government have issued a decree declaring all religious sects equal in the eye of the law, and have virtually suspended diplomatic relations with the Court of Rome.

....Capt. Burton, the celebrated African traveler and explorer, is, although an Englishman, an immense admirer of Mohammedanism. Indeed, he has no patience with Christianity, and is never tired of expressing his opinions on the subject. This enlightened person (who, though a skeptic as regards Christ, was, when in London some three years since, a profound believer in the Davenport Brothers) has a wife who is a devout Roman Catholic. Capt. Burton has just written a book on Brazil; and, being English consul in that country, and unable to leave it, he sent his wife to London, to see his book through the press. This the lady has done very carefully and efficiently; but she puts a preface of her own to the book, in which, while expressing the highest admiration for her husband's personal character, she frankly declares that she holds his religious doctrines in abhorrence. Especially she points the finger of indignation at what she misrepresents our Holy Roman Catholic Church, and at what upholds that unnatural and repulsive law, Polygamy—which the author is careful not to practice himself—but from a high moral pedestal preaches to the ignorant as a means of population in young countries." And Capt. Burton's favorite creed teaches that women have no souls! If this does not cure him of Mohammedanism, he is past hope.

Pebbles.

IS a man who reads a book bound in sheep in danger of getting on the ram-page?

You need not clasp your hands so fervently in prayer that you can't get them open when the contribution-box comes round.

A beggar in Providence, who received no order on a grocer, took the amount in cigars. Boston beggars usually take tea and sugar on such orders.

A gravestone in the Rockville, Ct., cemetery has this epitaph:

"In memory of Jane Bent,
Who kicked up her heels and away she went."

....AN EPITAPH.

There lies a man beneath this sod
Who slandered all except his God;
And him he would have slandered, too,
But that his God he never knew.

"Did you know," said a cunning Genoese to a Jew, "that they hang Jews and jackasses together in Portland?" "Indeed," retorted Solomon, "den it is well dat you and I leh not dere."

Says Ruskin: "You know that to give alms is nothing unless you give thought also; and that therefore it is written, not 'Blessed is he that *feedeth* the poor,' but 'Blessed is he that *considereth* the poor.'"

"Good evening, Gen. Grant," said a obsequious office-seeker, the other night, to the President-elect. "I have not been to see you, General, since election." "Plenty have," said Grant. "I've not been lonesome."

Good John Bunyan was once asked a question about heaven which he could not answer, because the matter was not revealed in the Scriptures; and he thereupon advised the inquirer to live a holy life, and go and see.

A religious paper says: "Rev. Dr. Eddy, of Boston, is lecturing on 'Stonewall Jackson,' trying to demonstrate that he was both a hero and a saint—a feat easy enough to perform, if butchery were only heroism and praying sainthood."

An Old-School deacon in Litchfield County was asked: "What is the difference between old divinity and new?" Answer: "Old divinity sends the prodigal son home in rags and utter poverty; new divinity brings him back, with money enough to pay his expenses."

Gen. Rawlings recently died with a loan who partook of wine rather freely, and became talkative. Finally the latter said, speaking of somebody: "Oh! that mine enemy would write a book!" "Your enemy," said Rawlings, pointing to the bottle, "don't write books."

In Lyme, Ct., is this quaint epitaph, written by Deacon Marvin, upon his son, who also was a deacon:

"This deacon, aged 68,
Is freed on earth from serving;
May for a crown no longer wait
Lyme's Captain Reynold Marvin.
Obit. 13th, 1737."

"When my mother says no, there's no yes in it." Here is a sermon in a nut-shell. Multitudes of parents say "no"; but, after a good deal of teasing and debate, it finally becomes yes. Love and kindness are essential elements in the successful management of children; but firmness, decision, inflexibility, and uniformity of treatment are no less important.

....Canon Stowell once told the story of his interview with a clergyman who had left the Church of England. Canon Stowell.—"Well, Mr.———, so you have left the Church of England. What church have you joined?" A.—"Not any yet; I am in search of a perfect church." Canon Stowell.—"By joining it, you or any one else would render it an imperfect church."

....An Ohio editor is getting particular about what he eats, and expresses himself after the following fashion: "The woman who made the butter which we bought last week is respectfully requested to exercise more judgment in proportioning the ingredients. The last batch had too much hair in for butter, and not quite enough for a waterfall. There is no sense in making yourself bald-headed, if butter is 35 cents a pound."

....A boy was sent from Groton to New London, Conn., one day last summer, with a bag of green corn to sell. He was gone all day, and returned with the bag unopened, which he dumped on the floor, saying: "There is your corn; go and sell it yourself—I can't. I've been all over New London with it, and nobody said anything about green corn. Two or three fellows asked me what I had in my bag, and I told them it was none of their business."

....This reminds one of certain business men, to be found in every community, who do not or will not recognize the benefit of advertising their business.

Commercial Notices.

CHAPPED hands, face, and all roughness of the skin certainly cured by using the Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. It surpasses all other remedies, as it will prevent roughness of the skin if used during cold weather. It is conveniently applied, avoiding all the troubles of the greasy compounds now in use. It can be used by ladies with the most tender skin, without irritation or pain, making it soft and clear. Sold by the druggists generally.

S. P. Q. R. were the inspiring characters inscribed upon the conquering banners of the heroic Romans; but D. P. S. are characters which delight our modern nations. They are the initials for DAVID'S PRIZE SOAP, which we are told is sold at every respectable grocer's, and is warranted to be the greatest dirt eradicator known to modern science. The manufacturer has *forty years'* experience in the making of laundry soaps, and *he* ought to know what good soap is by this time. Try it; you'll like it.

ALL PERSONS desirous of having their shirts, linen, and laundry washing of the most perfect whiteness, and without being spotted, should use the Patent Soluble Blueing Bag. It never fails. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, and by PLYMOUTH COLOR CO., 106 and 108 Fulton st., N. Y., and 59 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PROF. BLOT'S SOUPS.—Tomato, Pea, Julienne, Vermicelli, It. Paste Consommé, Mock Turtle, Ox Tail, Green Turtle, Terrapin, Tomato Sauce and Catsup. Sold by Grocers and Provision Dealers. Depot 2 Vesey St., N. Y.

COLGATE AND COMPANY'S AROMATIC VEGETABLE TOILET SOAP is the best for toilet use. It is composed of healing ingredients; and, being combined with Glycerine, is particularly adapted to the delicate skin of ladies and infants.

WHOLESALE COUNTRY PRODUCE MARKET.

Reported expressly for THE INDEPENDENT, by David W. Lewis, Commission Merchant, No. 62 Pearl street.

Commission on Butter, Eggs, Poultry, etc., is 5per ct. Flour, Grain etc., 2½ per cent.
Marking-plates furnished when desired.

GOLD ranged at 135¾@136¾.

BUTTER.—Receipts for the week were 11,216 packages. Strictly fine, silky Butter—such as suitable to guarantee good enough for family use—are all wanted; and we note sale of some fine dairies at 46@45 cts., and finest Full up from 46@48 or even 50 cts. for fancy. There is also the ordinary home demand for Welsh tubs at 40@41 cts. for good ones, and sales 500 or 600 within that range, and some seconds down to 35@40 cts. On the whole, the market is a trifle easier than last week, and buyers will need to take on much stock; but it is not quotably lower. We quote:

Fine Fall Butter	45 @48
Fine Long Dairies	44 @46
Fine Selected to Choice Dairies	42 @43
do. do. Fall Butter	40 @44
Fine Western Dairies	39 @40
Good do. do.	37 @38
Low grades Common State Butter	25 @30
Roll Butter, in tubs, or boxes	30 @35
Roll Butter, in bbls, or boxes	30 @35

CHEESE.—Receipts for the week were 804 boxes. There were sales of Factories, both for export and home trade, at 21 cts., and the market closes firm. We quote:

Factory Cheese, firsts	20 @21
do. do. seconds	18 @20
Private Dairies Cheese, firsts	20 @21
do. do. seconds	15@18

EGGS.—The market has been very irregular, and prices are off 3@5 cts. per doz. since our last. Market closes very dull and in large supply. Limed are very plenty and price is nominal. We quote:

Jersey, State, and Pennsylvania, per doz	30 @32
Western, per doz	28 @32
Limed Eggs, (less off), per dozen	15 @30
Fire Outs, per bushel	10@18

POULTRY.—Good stock of all kinds sells quick at our quotations, while poor and stale stock is very dull and hard to sell at any price. We quote:

Turkeys, per lb	16 @18
Chickens, "	14 @17
Ducks, "	16 @17
Geese, "	10 @12

GAME.—Quails continue to be scarce and are higher. Partridges and Grouse are in good demand at last week's quotations. Venison is in good demand; and, with less stock on the market, prices are higher and firm. We quote:

Partridges, per pair	$1 00@$1 25
Quail, per dozen	2 25@3 50
Woodcock, per pair	1 50@2 00
Rabbits, per pair	40@ 50
Venison, saddles	10@ 12
Whole Deer	10@ 12

BEANS are unchanged. We quote:

Marrows, per bush. 62 lbs	$4 25@4 50
Kidneys, " "	4 00@4 25
Mediums, " "	3 40@3 50
Pea, " "	3 20@3 25
Mixed, " "	3 25@3 75

BUCKWHEAT is quiet and lower. We quote at $3 75@4 per 100 lbs.

DRIED FRUITS.—Apples are in good demand and wanted at our quotations. Fine Sliced Apples are worth 15 cts. Peaches are in fair demand and holders are firm. The balance of the list are quiet. We quote:

Apples, State	12 @13
do. Ohio	11 @12½
do. Southern	9 @11
Dried Peaches, peeled, good to prime	23 @29
do. do. fair to good	20 @25
do. do. unpeeled, halves	14 @15
do. do. do. quarters	10½@11½
Blackberries, per lb	20 @22
Cherries, pitted, per lb	42 @45
Plums	29 @31

SUGAR.—There is a fair demand for home consumption at our quotations. The high price has ruled foreign shippers out of the market. Timothy and Flax Seeds are quiet, but firm. We quote:

Clover, per lb	14@ 15
Flax Seed, per bushel	$2 15@$2 20
Timothy, "	$3 25@$3 50

ASHES.—Pots are more plenty and prices are lower. Pearls continue dull. We quote:

Pots	$7 50 @7 75
Pearls	$ 75 @ 00

HOPS.—There was good demand all the fore part of the week, at slightly advanced rates. At the close there is less demand and prices favor the buyer. We quote:

Jersey and State, light	15 @16½
do. heavy	14½@15
Western	14 @14½

DAVID W. LEWIS,

PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 62 Pearl street, New York,
gives particular attention to the Commission Sale of FALL BUTTER. Also CHEESE, EGGS, BEANS, etc.
Put Butter in packages, send address by mail, and mark goods D. W. LEWIS, N. Y.

SOMETHING NEW.

Nickel Watches

OF A
SUPERIOR GRADE, AND AT REASONABLE PRICES, IN
COLD, SILVER, AND PATENT FILLED COLD CASES.

Movements made by BOREL & COURVOISIER, of Neuchatel, Switzerland, in Lever, Stem-Winders, and Equilibrium Escapements. Warranted perfect tim

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☞ All communications for the Commercial Department, to the Commercial Editor; and all business communications from subscribers and advertisers, to **Henry C. Bowen, Box 2767.**

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☞ Manuscripts sent to THE INDEPENDENT cannot be returned.

The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.
HENRY C. BOWEN.
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, February 4th, 1869.

THE House of Representatives, on Saturday, after rejecting all propositions to change the terms of the Constitutional Amendment as reported by the Judiciary Committee, passed it by a vote of 150 yeas (all Republicans) to 44 nays (all Democrats), as follows:

Be it resolved, etc., (two-thirds of both houses concurring), That the following article be proposed to the legislatures of the several states as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States; which, when ratified by three-fourths of said legislatures, shall be held as part of the said Constitution, namely:

ARTICLE —, § 1. The right of any citizen of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or any state, by reason of race, or color, or previous condition of slavery of any citizen or class of citizens of the United States.

SEC. 2. The Congress shall have power to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of this article.

The amendment now goes to the Senate, where we trust it will be adopted this week at furthest.

And now let the two houses pass Mr. Boutwell's Suffrage bill; so that, even if the proposed Constitutional Amendment should fail, the negro may not be left without a guaranty for his rights.

THE VAPORS OF CHICAGO RIVER.

THE Rev. Asa Mahan (who, like Aristotle, bears the title of a mental philosopher, and who, unlike the Stagyrite, bears the additional title of D.D.) took occasion, in a recent public allusion to our well-known and ever-welcome contributor, the Rev. William A. Bartlett (formerly of Brooklyn, and now of Chicago), to say: "This writer is an atheist."

Well, who is the next "shining mark" at which these heresy-hunters, like Death with his arrows, mean to take aim? The Rev. Mr. Bartlett, as we lately knew him in the "City of Churches," was an Orthodox Congregational clergyman in good and regular standing. Is the religious atmosphere of Chicago so deleterious to sound theological views that an Evangelical Christian gets perverted there after a few weeks' residence? If so, then it is high time for the Congregational Association of Illinois to institute an inquiry into the cause of this spiritual malaria. An Evangelical religious newspaper ought to be started in Chicago at once.

A year ago, we had to vindicate the venerable Rev. Dr. Sturtevant from the opprobrium of having taken a public part in a "liberal" religious meeting. Recently we had to lift our feeble right arm to parry a strong blow which the Rev. Dr. Blanchard, president of Wheaton College, was aiming at such men as Rev. President Gulliver, D.D., and others, whom their fiery accuser described as co-operating in a "society without a conscience, founding colleges without principles, resulting in churches without doctrines, and ultimately in a Christianity without Christ." Then, too, we had to soften public indignation against our much-abused but not altogether undeserving brother, the Editor of *The Congregationalist*, because of his publishing "a paper without principles, and altogether for the market."

But we never expected to be called upon to say that the brave, manly, and eloquent young Congregational clergyman, whom Brooklyn lately gave up with a tear to Chicago, is not an "atheist." Indeed, if we had once dreamed that our former neighbor of Elm Place was going to his new pulpit to be an "atheist," we would have protested against his going; for, according to Dr. Blanchard, Chicago has too many atheists already.

We have no apprehensions, however, concerning our friend William Alvin Bartlett; he is no more likely to become an atheist than John Stuart Mill, or any other staunch and stable Christian. Our apprehensions point in an entirely different direction. What mostly troubles us, in the late disclosures of Drs. Blanchard, Mahan, and others, is that these ghastly revelations appear to have no end. The budget seems never to be concluded. First we find one eminent Western clergyman accused, then another, and then another. If in this manner the very biggest and soundest of the apples are becoming specked and tainted, how long before all the rest of the barrel will be rotting? How much further has the infection spread already? Who are the remaining unexposed backsliders? What names are next to be written in the catalogue of perverts? For instance, has the Rev. Dr. Patton become a Unitarian in disguise? Is the Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher making his metempsychosis into the Roman Catholic Church? Does the Rev. Dr. Magoun incline in any degree to Mormonism?

We put these questions not to relieve our own minds; for our confidence, if not in the Evangelical soundness, yet in the Christian integrity, of these suspected brethren was never greater than at this unhappy moment. But we feel bound, in the interest of Evangelical religion, to urge an investigation into their alleged lapses, because of a prevalent and increasing anxiety among Evangelical churches that none of the formerly-trusted standard-bearers shall drop, or lower, or sully the banner of the faith once delivered to the saints."

PRISON REFORM.

THE worthy Governor Claflin, of Massachusetts, in his inaugural address, speaking of the state-prison at Charlestown, mentions the striking fact that more than two-thirds of its inmates are under thirty years of age. And he makes the further remark, in connection with this statement, that, after the criminals have been placed within the walls of the penitentiary, the main duty of the state is to endeavor to reform them. This is a sentiment which so nearly touches the selfishness, as well as the humanity, of the citizens of every state that it has been embodied in many of them in the shape of societies for the aid of discharged convicts. These organizations have done and are doing a great service to the public, as well as to the men immediately benefited by them; and they are deserving of the co-operation and support of all benevolent persons. There is hardly any form of associated benevolence that is so unexceptionable in its purpose, and which can bring such satisfactory proof of having measurably accomplished it, as this.

But the duty of the state toward its guilty children is not satisfied by the assistance it may give to these voluntary associations; nor is the reformation that should be aimed at completed by the temporary provision for them on their discharge, or even the employment which is procured for them, which is all that such societies can do. The conversion of bad men into good men, the awakening of the dormant or smothered moral nature, the change of the heart from which flows all good and evil from a fountain of bitterness to one of sweet and pure issues, should be the business of those entrusted with them during their confinement. And, while we would be far from undervaluing the force of direct religious influences, in the strict sense of the word, we do not by any means limit our meaning of the term conversion to what may be called its technical one. Whatever treatment may recall the sinner from the error of his ways, and make him a good citizen—whether religious, moral, intellectual, or physical—should be employed in his behalf. There can be no two opinions on this matter, though there may be many as to the method of doing the work.

We have more than once said what in our opinion is the important, the essential, preliminary to any great and permanent improvement in our prison discipline. It is that our punitive establishments should be put under the charge of a higher class of men than those now entrusted with them. We have no disposition to reflect on the manner in which the present officials do their duty. As a general thing—though there have been most flagrant exceptions to the generalization—we believe them to be humane and well-meaning persons, who do the best they know how for the advantage of the prisoners as well as of the state. But the class of persons from which they are selected can hardly be fitted by their education and previous pursuits for so delicate a work as the cure of diseased minds and of vicious propensities, while the way in which they are selected often makes it a matter of the merest chance if they are not utterly unfitted for it by nature and bringing up. These places are too generally given as the reward of petty political services, their tenure depending on the predominance of the party that filled them.

We need not enlarge on the absurdity of this way of proceeding. The question is how to amend it. This we hold would be done by the substitution of men of character and culture, like those placed at the head of our asylums for the blind, the deaf and dumb, the insane, the idiotic, and the like—men of education, of science, of peculiar fitness for this work—in place of the present officials. The treatment of the criminal mind demands no less scientific knowledge and idiosyncratic adaptation than that of the demented or the deficient. Instead of less, it demands a higher order of intellect, joined to the highest moral development, to study, understand, and treat the manifold varieties of natures perverted by vice and crime. There will be no lack of the fit men when the hour demands them. A century ago there were men enough, doubtless, as well qualified for the treatment of the innocent unfortunates just mentioned as there are now—when the insane were doomed to straw and darkness, and whips and chains; the idiotic left to mope in hopeless misery; and the blind and the deaf-mutes abandoned to their eternal night and dreary isolation. As soon as there was a call for such a profession, the men appeared, just when and where they were wanted. So it will be in this case. The qualifications, indeed, will not be precisely the same as those demanded for any of the classes just named; but they will be analogous to them, and will be called forth as soon as they are called for.

We can merely hint at this reform in this place. We commend it to the serious consideration of our readers and the public as a matter which nearly concerns us all. We shall return to the subject again before long, and try to obviate any objections that may seem likely to stand in its way.

SLAVERY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE Dutch people made the longest and the grandest battle for freedom ever fought in the history of Europe. Holland is as free a country as any kingdom on the surface of the earth. Yet, by some extraordinary anomaly of Nature, the Dutch, when they become colonists, or settlers, or conquerors of inferior races are relentless in their maintenance of the worst realities of slavery. The now celebrated novel, *Max Havelaar*, lately published by a Dutch author—a perfect masterpiece of irony, earnest eloquence, and pathetic description—told the world in thrilling tones the story of Dutch government in Java. A pamphlet published lately in London, and which has just come into our hands, tells a tale hardly less painful of the system of slavery practiced in the Dutch colony of South Africa known as the Trans-Vaal Republic. The author of the pamphlet is Mr. F. W. Chesson, an Englishman of ability and humanity, who has long been secretary of the Aborigines' Protection Society of London, and is well known to most Americans as the secretary and one of the principal founders of the Emancipation Society, which did so much to give a right tone to English public opinion during the American civil war. The Trans-Vaal Republic was formed by a number of the Dutch or Dutch-descended settlers of South Africa, who, having tried to set up a republic on soil owned by England, and having failed, retired to regions a little further off, and "squatted" outside the line of British authority, and there claimed to form an independent state. They obtained from England, on certain conditions, a treaty recognizing their independence; and the principal of these conditions was that no slavery should be permitted or practiced within the territory of the Trans-Vaal Republic. This treaty, Mr. Chesson contends, has been and is systematically and shamefully violated by the Dutch settlers. He not merely asserts this; he proves it. Every one who knows anything of the hideous history of the slave-trade knows what a convenient and wicked mask the word "apprenticeship" has often been. Child-apprenticeship is the name given to the system by means of which the Trans-Vaal Republicans swoop down upon South African villages, and, by the light of the burning huts, tear the children from the parents, who are shot down if they endeavor to resist. The children thus carried off are sold as slaves, worked as slaves, scourged as slaves. Mr. Chesson quotes the authority of men like Dr. Livingstone, and the resolutions and documents of colonial parliaments, to prove the full truth of his statements. He calls upon the English Government either to enforce the one great condition of the treaty with the Trans-Vaal Republic, or to disallow the concessions and advantages which it yielded to the re-public on the faith of the treaty. It is not for us to judge of what the course of the English Government ought to be; but it does assuredly seem, from the evidence adduced by Mr. Chesson, that the protection of England is being systematically and treacherously made to cover a slave-trade as odious as any which English squadrons ever sailed the seas to suppress. The whole pamphlet is full of a painful interest, and deserves the attention of every one who hates the system of slavery, disguise itself as it will.

ERNEST JONES.

ERNEST JONES, whose premature death in England was announced by the Cable last week, was a man of some mark, with a singular history. He was one of the leaders of the great Chartist movement which at one time threatened to become a powerful revolutionary force in England, but which collapsed so suddenly and completely in 1848. Ernest Jones had flung himself into the movement with all the generous impetuosity of youth and a free spirit. He was a man of education and social position. He threw away his place in society for the sake of the cause which he had adopted; and he deliberately renounced a large property, which would otherwise have come to him from his uncle, rather than promise even to abstain from active participation in the Chartist movement. In 1848 he was tried for a seditious speech, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. The sentence was carried out with unusual and inexcusable harshness. When Mr. Jones came out of prison, he found Chartism dead and buried. He was a barrister by profession; and he applied himself quietly to his practice at the bar, only taking part in political movements when they came directly in his way. He retained, however, all the strength of his early convictions; and he always ranked among the most extreme of the Radical body. A large section of the steady-going Liberals were for a while impatient and intolerant of him; and when he presented himself, on one occasion, at a meeting in Manchester (we think), where Mr. Bright was the principal speaker, the vast majority of the audience refused to listen to him. Even Mr. Bright's intervention failed to secure a hearing for Ernest Jones, and the latter was at last literally forced off the platform. Of late years, however, this intolerance lost a good deal of its force, and Ernest Jones began to be respected by men to whom his name was once a sound of terror. With the working-classes of the northern and midland counties of England he was always popular, and there was great anxiety felt to secure his return as one of the members for Manchester. A year or two ago, he carried on an extraordinary rhetorical controversy, on the subject of democracy, with Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh—a brilliant, scholarly, fantastic Tory. The champions made successive speeches in a public hall in Edinburgh, and Jones undoubtedly displayed great reading and scholarship as well as eloquence. He was a candidate for the representation of Manchester at the late general elections; but was defeated. It appears, however, that a petition is to be brought, and with every chance of success, against the one Conservative who was returned; and the Liberal party agreed to decide by ballot among themselves as to the candidate they would adopt in the event of the Tory being unseated. The result of the ballot was the adoption of Ernest Jones, in preference even to so influential and distinguished a Liberal of the old school as Milner Gibson. Just as the doors of the House of Commons, which he had so often and so vainly striven to enter, seemed actually opening to admit him, Ernest Jones died. He died prematurely, and at the very moment when, for the first time, his life-long and honorable ambition appeared to have secured its triumph.

Ernest Jones was a poet of no mean order. He had been educated in Germany, and had published some admirable translations from the poems of Freiligrath and other German singers. Three or four years ago he warmly advocated in England the then unpopular and much misunderstood cause of Schleswig-Holstein. As a popular speaker, he was fervent, forcible, and impassioned. His early death has probably created a greater sensation in England than that of many a man possessing higher ability and wider influence.

THE SAILORS' STRIKE.

WE are no friends to *strikes*, as a general thing, esteeming them harmful to regular industry, to the best interests of society, and especially to those of the strikers themselves. But we must confess to a certain sympathy with that of the sailors, the other day, and to a very positive satisfaction at its ending successfully for them. Its speedy settlement we conceive to be a proof that their demands were but reasonable—which, indeed, would seem to appear on the face of the matter. Thirty dollars a month is surely no more than a reasonable approximation to the general rise of wages in all employments. Poor Jack has a hard time enough of it at best, and is the victim of so many sharks on shore, more ravenous and cruel than those which follow in his wake at sea, that any honest attempt to better his condition must be well-pleasing to every humane mind.

A good deal has been said within the last twenty or thirty years about the sailor; and we hope that something has been done to make his life of peril and hardship a little easier than it used to be. Seamen's aid societies have been long at work, and bethels and floating chapels launched for his benefit. And the more secular but not less important agency of well-regulated boarding-houses, where the landlords were under some external supervision, has been set on foot, and with good results; although Jack's innate aversion to constraint and overlooking on shore, of which he has more than enough at sea, has stood in the way of their fullest success. At anniversary times a great deal of sentiment is poured forth and many appeals made in behalf of the sailor, which are more or less liberally responded to, and a very general opinion obtains that the sailors of the American merchant service, at least, are much better cared for than they used to be.

We are not disposed to deny that this is to a very considerable extent the case. Any one who will be at the trouble of reading "Roderick Random," in which Smollett describes what he had seen on board the king's ships, in his capacity of surgeon, will find a state of things described which we may hope has few parallels at this day. In those days the sailor had no friend, any more than the blind, the deaf-mutes, the idiotic, and the insane. That he has some now is a symptom of improved conscientiousness on the part of the public, and may augur a better future for him. But it is a melancholy fact that the American mercantile marine has degenerated sadly since the days when well-born and well-taught youths used to run away to sea before the mast and work their way up to the quarter-deck. Indeed, Admiral Semmes, with the countenance of the Palmerston government, having virtually driven the American merchant ships off the sea, or at least to sail on it under other flags, the American sailors, as such, may be said hardly to exist. The service is no longer recruited from the same class of men; and it has become a kind of *sentina gentium*—a common sewer, fed by the refuse of all nations. But the sailors are still human beings, capable of suffering cruelty and injustice and capable of improvement and elevation—at least, of protection.

This deterioration in the character of the service making it difficult to obtain sailors of the same class as formerly, the basest means have been resorted to, both in England and here, to make up the crews of ships. We have not received very recent data on this subject; but, just before the war, the way of shipping crews was not much removed in villainy from the slave-trade. Shipping agents were employed, who contracted for such a number of men, and received the advance pay of the men they engaged to furnish. At the appointed time these "sea-attorneys," as Byron styles pirates, got their men drunk and tumbled them on board, very scantily provided with clothing and other necessaries. Enough sober men were on hand to get the ship to sea; and, when the unlucky fellows became sober, they found themselves without redress, and were set to work by the persuasion of the rope's end. It was also affirmed, about the same time, by the Liverpool Society of Friends of Distressed Foreigners, that it was usual in this port for men to be offered work on board river-boats or to unload ships, who were retained by force as sailors when once on board. And that mechanics of various trades, waiters, clerks, and even surgeons had been entrapped in some such way, who had appealed to this society for help. They were first robbed of their effects, and then compelled to do seamen's work. To be sure, these unfortunates were mostly foreigners; but, of course, that makes no difference in the rights of the matter.

To what extent these villainies, or others like unto them, are practiced now we have no instant means of knowing. If there are fewer now than ten years since, we fear that it is owing to the smaller amount of the shipping business now than then. But, if not so many, or none at all, they have been or should be made impossible to occur again. We will not undertake to say precisely how it is to be done; but we know that nothing but a knowledge that such things have been and may be again, and a sincere wish to guard against them, is necessary to provide for the protection of the ignorant foreigner, or careless or helpless sailor, against kidnappers, crimps, and cheats. The credit of the state and of the whole country is involved in this matter. A remedy was found for the villainies of the emigrant-runners as soon as it was demanded; and so one can be for this necessity. Some reform of this sort must precede any possibility of rehabilitating the merchant service even in the condition in which it was fifty years ago; not to say of raising it to the higher decency and efficiency of which it is certainly capable.

Editorial Notes.

FEMALE suffrage prevails among the colonists of Pitcairn Island in the election of magistrates. Their school is excellent, and all the children can read and write. Certainly this is no small progress for these half-breed descendants of the mutineers of the "Bounty."

....Four colored militiamen were court-martialed and shot for rape in Crittenden County, Arkansas, not long since. Their punishment, by all the rules of legal justice, was richly deserved; but, if all the white men who have outraged black women at the South were shot for the crime, what a ghastly pile of victims there would be!

....In reply to a question in our last, Mr. G. W. McCracken, of Columbus, Ohio, informs us that "Otterbein University"—so named in honor of the founder of the sect known as "United Brethren in Christ"—is at Westerville, a small village lying 12 miles northeast from Columbus. It is a first-rate academy or classical school, Rev. Dr. Davis principal, and has formed an oasis of light in the midst of a region lying in the darkness of Ohio Democracy.

....The *Clyde Times* has just made its appearance in a new dress. It is now the largest paper in Wayne county. It began its life as a copperhead sheet; but a change of proprietors produced a change of principles, and it is now the champion of equal rights. We find in its columns this statement: "Among the grand-jurors drawn in Wayne County is Phelman Stout, of Wolcott—colored gentleman, the first ever drawn in the county. His name was returned by the supervisor of the town—a Democrat."

....A powerful effort will be made to carry through the Massachusetts legislature, at its present session, a proposition to strike the word "male" from the suffrage clause of the state constitution. The cause has the support of some of the leaders of the Republican party, among whom the name of that staunch Radical, Frank Bird, of Walpole, is specially worthy of mention. The committee having the subject in charge will give a hearing to the petitioners; and Mrs. Lucy Stone, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Wendell Phillips, and Mrs. Caroline M. Severance have been selected to speak in their behalf.

....One of the best speeches at the recent Burns Festival was that of William Cullen Bryant, who said: "I wonder how the poets would look, if they could all be brought together, with their 'eyes in a fine frenzy rolling,' and some of their number, I fear, sadly out at elbows. What would the denizens of Wall Street think of them, if they were marched in procession through that quarter of the city? If an army of stock-jobbers could be mustered, and another of Bedlamites, and a third of poets, to which of the other two would the troop of poets seem, by their demeanor, to be most nearly related? To that question, I fear, I could not give an impartial answer."

....The Rev. Gilbert Haven, editor of *Zion's Herald*, has sent to press a volume of "National Sermons," one of which is the manly and eloquent discourse we lately printed in these columns from this brilliant writer and preacher. The Methodist Church contains no man more conservative in theology or more radical in politics than this sparkling, versatile, earnest, and audacious editor. His sermons, like his editorials, are full of fire, pith, and nerve. His style is usually highly colored, occasionally overfanciful; but always full of the charm which solemn earnestness, joined to a poetic temperament, lends to a man of genius. We are inclined to believe that Gilbert Haven is the most loved, most feared, and most useful writer in the Methodist Church.

....The little town of Kent, Litchfield Co., Ct., has been in a ferment of late over the question whether a colored gentleman should be admitted to the lyceum of the place. Twice was the gentleman rejected—once by a vote of 7 in his favor to 5 against him, and again by 12 in his favor to 7 against him—a rule of the lyceum requiring a two-thirds vote to admit a member. But "truth crushed to earth" speedily rose to her feet, and put the enemy to flight—the colored man being admitted by a vote of 16 to 6. We regret to add that, immediately after the vote was declared, five of those who voted in the negative resigned their membership and the secretary resigned his office. The seceders should emigrate at once to the "Confedrit X Roads, wich is in the stait of Kentucky," where their Democratic feelings toward "niggers" would be respected.

....*Zion's Herald* criticises sharply Rev. Dr. Peck's "History of the Great Republic," and among other things says: "Dr. Peck's plea of 'perfect candor and some thoroughness' is by no means sustained by his account of the great struggle against slavery. Under the heading of 'Christianity Revolts' and of 'Humanity Pleads' he has given not even the remotest hint of the Titanic blows which the Radical Abolitionists gave, amid the obloquy of society and the rage of mobs. And in his group of distinguished American philanthropists he gives us the faces of men unknown to fame ten years ago, while he omits the placid portrait of the world-renowned man whom all Christendom delights to honor—the Wilberforce of America—William Lloyd Garrison. This is not 'candor'; but the lingering remains of an unworthy prejudice, which shows that Dr. Peck stands too near the events which he chronicles to be a historian who will have a reader fifty years hence."

....One of the most mournful cases of troubled conscience we have ever heard of is the following, which was privately reported to us by a very eminent member of the judiciary. A gentleman in the rural districts lately applied to a lawyer to learn whether there is any law by which colored persons, who had indulged in the absurd custom of dying, could be denied burial in a white-folks' cemetery. The gentleman seeking this information was a person of profound seriousness, and seemed as anxious to hear of such a law as if the whole thing were not a capital joke. He added, by way of explanation, that his second wife was dead, and had to be buried in the village graveyard, for want of any other resting-place; but he was confident that his sainted spouse would not slumber peacefully in her grave if she knew that her body must lie anywhere in the vicinity of niggers. Like the young man in the Gospel, "he went away sorrowful" when informed that the law could afford him no relief.

....Dr. Prime, of the *Observer*, gives in that paper an account of a visit which he recently made to Mount Vernon, showing that the home of Washington is going rapidly to ruin. "Everything about and within the house indicates neglect, indifference, improvidence, and decay. Desolation, not by violence—for, in all the long years of civil war we have passed through, not an unfriendly hand has been laid upon this sacred spot—but desolation by utter abandonment to the elements, without even an attempt to keep things up and in order and repair, reigns supreme. Imagine an old manor house, on a plantation where an army of servants eat the master out of house and home, so that he lets everything go to rack and ruin, and you have an idea of Mount Vernon as it is since we contributed $200,000 to an association of ladies to purchase and *preserve it* for the American people!" The house, with the exception of four or five rooms, is closed against the people; and in some places the roof is leaking so badly that the rain comes down through the floors and is caught in pails and tubs! How like "ole Virginny!"

....The rebellion broke the fetters of the slaves and lifted them at once to the plane of manhood; but it left the poor white "clay-eaters" of the South in their degradation, dirt, and laziness, to await the slow march of the new civilization now working there. A correspondent of the *Newburgh Journal*, at Savannah, describes a clay-eater and his establishment as he came into that city from his forest home, fifty or eighty miles away: "First, you see a long, lean, yellow-looking specimen of humanity, with coat and pantaloons made out of a kind of bagging much used for covering cotton-bales; barefooted, with an enormous spur upon his bare right heel, the skin upon which resembles the hide of an elephant; riding upon the back of a mule that is the more intelligent-looking animal of the two. His legs hang down over a huge pair of shafts, with the spur occasionally digging into the side of the mule. Behind the two comes an old rickety cart, in which is usually about a bushel of peanuts, which they call gophers, about the same quantity of small red sweet potatoes, and one peck of dirty rice. He has been three days coming to market and selling out his entire stock."

....We hear the busy notes of preparation for the annual election in Connecticut. The Democrats have already renominated their last year's ticket, and the Republicans will hold their convention the present week. Mr. Jewell will doubtless run again for governor, and we hope he may be elected. The state, however, is very close, and the Democrats, without any signs of repentance for past sins, are yet trying to adjust themselves to the new conditions; so the Republicans, if they conquer, can only do so by hard work. Mr. Mark Howard, a well-known Republican, has printed a circular, in which he says that the reason why Republicanism has made such poor progress in Connecticut is that "the party has been controlled by enemies of its ideas, by a combination of reactionists, devoted chiefly to plunder. It was installed and has been sustained by the Federal patron age, through Senator Dixon—the *fountain of their spirit and ideas*." We suspect there is a great deal of truth in this bold indictment; but we hope that, with the inauguration of Grant and Colfax, the Republicans in the Nutmeg State will turn over a new leaf, and, planting themselves on the ground of impartial justice, win a glorious victory. The negroes of Connecticut must be enfranchised, or the very name of Republicanism as connected with the politics of the state will become a synonym for hypocrisy.

....Lucy Stone returned to her home, a few days since, from Ohio, where she had been lecturing in behalf of suffrage for woman. In Columbus, on Friday last, the house of representatives having before it a proposition to submit to the people of the state the question of striking the word "male" from the constitution, adjourned its own debate for the purpose of inviting her to argue the question before the members. She gladly accepted the invitation so gracefully proffered, and the house took a recess to give her an opportunity to speak. The *Ohio State Journal* says: "Mrs. Stone, on being introduced by Speaker Thornhill, in graceful and feeling terms thanked the house for the privilege they had accorded her, and then delivered an address distinguished for candor, fairness, and force. This lady has a voice melodious and musical as a chime of bells; her manner is refined, easy, and ladylike; and her way of presenting her opinions winning and persuasive. The entire address was characterized by good judgment, good taste, and simplicity, beauty, power, and purity of language. The hall was crowded with spectators." A friend of ours, writing from Columbus, says: "Making all proper exceptions, Mrs. Stone's was the most able and eloquent of the pleas for woman's right to political recognition that it has been my good fortune to hear; and it seemed to have force with the minds of our law-makers."

....So many leading men of the past generation, in church and state, got their reputations badly damaged in fighting the anti-slavery movement, that those of the same class now upon the stage hesitate to oppose any new reform, lest they should bring upon themselves discomfiture and disgrace in an unavailing struggle. The cause of woman's suffrage, therefore, lags, not so much on account of any opposition it encounters, as because it is difficult to find any person of reputation to take the field against it. The Rev. Dr. Thompson, of this city, however, has not feared to rush into the breach which so many others are careful to avoid. His arguments, we judge, offer nothing that is new, and are born chiefly of that chronic fear of change which leads so many well-meaning men to resist every onward step in the progress of society. He illustrates his idea of the effects of woman's voting by pointing us to the feminine bitterness that prevailed among the women of the South during the rebellion, and to the agency of women in producing the worst monstrosities of the French Revolution. He forgets that the feminine extravagances which he so much deprecates sprung up under the influence of those restricted ideas of woman's sphere which he is so anxious to enforce and perpetuate. It is as if he should argue against freedom from the excesses incited by despotism. It might be more plausibly urged that, if the women of the South had been educated to feel the full responsibility of citizens, their influence would have operated as a check upon the lawlessness of the other sex, and saved the country from the crime and curse of rebellion.

....Grace Greenwood has an admirable letter in the Philadelphia *Press*, descriptive of the National Convention of Colored Men lately held in Washington. She says:

"Taking into consideration the fearful disadvantages under which the most fortunate of this race labor, the general intelligence shown by this convention was really a matter for wonder and rejoicing. Men were there, only three or four years old as men, who handled the great questions of the present and the problems of the future of their race with remarkable ability, sagacity, and courage. To be sure, some of them were far from familiar with parliamentary usages; nor was their English always of the choicest. Orators were bad schoolmasters, even though many did go from New England. I noticed that the men who had gone into politics, trade, or had even taken up some rough handicraft, were usually more intelligent, shrewd, and practical than the ministers. I thought the reason was that they are always learning from newspapers, from talk in shops, on wharf, deck, and street-corner; while the preacher, feeling that he has attained the very highest position to which mortal man ought to aspire, shuts himself up with creeds and ordinances, gropes in theological mysteries, wrestles with spiritual powers, and makes little progress in human affairs. Admirable as were the speeches of distinguished white outsiders, we, who so often have the privilege of hearing them, in the great temple of talk over yonder, would sometimes have preferred to listen to the colored orators we used to hear. I expressed this preference to a delegate, late a slave in the cotton-fields of Georgia, later a member of its legislature, and he made me this admirable reply: 'Yes, madam, we came here to talk; and we love to talk. I cannot tell you how good it seems to us to speak our minds, now that we find that we have minds of our own to speak; but, madam, we like still better to listen to those who spoke for us when we were dumb.'"

....If the man who causes two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before is a benefactor to the human race, surely he who invents a machine which lightens any human task deserves the gratitude of his fellows. The sewing machine is one of many illustrations of this truth; but another, and a novel one, will be found in a machine advertised in our columns this week. It is the invention of Mr. C. H. Webb—a man well-known in literary circles by his *nom de plume* of "John Paul"—and is called "THE ADDER." It is not a reptile to be shunned, but a simple instrument for adding up long columns of figures with infallible accuracy. To bankers, brokers, and accountants, and indeed to anybody who ever has occasion to add up a column of figures, it must be as welcome as ever a steamboat or a locomotive was to a traveler who had known no conveyance more rapid than a stage-coach. It is not larger than a man's hand, and is so simple in its movement that even a child, old enough to read figures, may work it with perfect success. It will help our wise financiers in working out their various problems concerning our gigantic national debt; it will lighten the task of every bookkeeper and bank-teller; it will make glad the heart of the humblest housekeeper who has occasion to strike a balance between receipts and expenses. It is delightful to think how many headaches it will cure, and how many incitements to illtemper it will remove! "John Paul" has made good his title to be ranked among the world's benefactors.

....The Western Union Telegraph Company have issued a pamphlet on the subject of the junction of the telegraph and postal system proposed in Mr. Washburne's bill. The pamphlet is a remarkable review of the grounds on which Mr. Washburne bases his proposal; and, as it seems to us, a complete reply in almost every instance to the arguments he has put forward. The Western Union Telegraph Company maintain—and we think they prove their case—that the telegraph system in the United States is cheaper, more efficient, more broad and rapid in its proportionate development, and more generally used than that of any European country. They shew too that there really is no analogy between the postal service and the telegraph service; any more than there is analogy between the operation of either, in the United States, and in such a country, for example, as Belgium or Switzerland. Mr. Washburne's appeal to the example of England, where there is a strong desire for the junction of the two services, under government control, is shown to be illusory. In fact, it is by no means certain that such a system will be adopted in England. We happen to know that some men, whose influence in the present government will be great, are anything but favorable to the proposal. But, should it be adopted, its adoption will be due chiefly to the admirable operation of the postal system—by far the best of all the departments of the English Government service, and incomparably superior to our postal system here. We certainly have no great reason to desire a change which would place the delivery of our telegraphic messages in the hands which deliver, or too often fail to deliver, our letters.

....The Massachusetts Anti-slavery Society held its annual meeting last week, in Boston. Great interest was awakened by the presence of Hon. S. Wills Menard, the colored claimant of a seat in Congress as a representative from Louisiana, and of Rev. James dames, Russia is perhaps about to surpass them in speed; it would be a proof that civilization, relatively recent, sometimes accepts before the older civilizations great ideas of amelioration. The equal advent of both sexes to intellectual culture is important not only to women, which is assuredly a sufficient recommendation, but also to universal civilization. I am profoundly convinced that the moral and intellectual progress of the male sex runs a great risk of stopping, if not of receding, as long as that of the women remains behind; and that, not only because nothing can replace the mother for the education of children, but also because the influence upon man himself of the character and ideas of the companion of his life cannot be insignificant—woman must either push him forward or hold him back. I applaud with all my heart your efforts, and those of the enlightened men who support them; and I reckon upon the perseverance, of which you have already shown proof, as a guaranty that you will not become discouraged, and that you will assert by every means the justice of your cause, which, in an enlightened age, bids fair to meet in a short time an assured success. Pray receive, mesdames, the sincere expression of my high esteem and lively sympathy.

"J. STUART MILL."

AVIGNON, Dec. 13th.

New York and Vicinity.

IN 1844, about 2,400 Bibles were placed in the parlors and sleeping-rooms of the hotels in New York City. Of the hotels then supplied, it is stated that about one-half no longer exist, and many new ones have since been opened. The New York Bible Society, therefore, have it in view to distribute a fresh supply of Bibles, for the use of the traveling public.

....We were mistaken in the announcement that Mr. Beecher would deliver his lecture on Amusements last week at the Cooper Institute. Thursday evening of *this* week is the time appointed for the lecture. The subject is a very important one; and the number of people who might gain instruction in listening to Mr. Beecher's views is very large. He ought, therefore, to have a full house.

....The Unitarians have established free public worship on Sundays, morning and evening, at the Cooper Institute, to meet the wants of those who are, for any reason, non-church-goers. The audiences for the last three Sundays have been very large and attentive. Our Unitarian brethren propose to preach practical rather than dogmatic Christianity, and to apply the teachings of the Four Gospels to the daily needs of the human soul, keeping all sectarianism (including their own) out of sight. In this all sincere Christians must wish them success. If the points in respect to which they differ from the Orthodox sects are important, so also are those in which they both agree.

....We hear a good many complaints of hard times and the dearness of provisions, and the oft-repeated remark that one-half the world don't know, and we fear don't care, how the other half live. Here is an example of how some of our fellow-beings live. A merchant of this city, wishing to give a small dinner-party one day last week, invited eight of his friends to dine with him at Delmonico's. On calling for the bill, after the dinner, he found himself charged eight hundred dollars for the the repast. Think of a man's eating a hundred dollars' worth of victuals at one sitting! Another city Cræsus, who invited a select party of fifteen to a supper, paid eleven hundred dollars for the white camelias which decorated the table! Such extravagance as this is demoralizing and shameful.

....The Yale Alumni Dinner at Delmonico's, on Friday evening last, was a complete success. Hon. W. M. Evarts presided, and many distinguished men were present, among whom were President Woolsey, Rev. Dr. Badger, Prof. S. F. B. Morse, Dr. Wm. Adams, Wm. E. Dodge, S. B. Chittenden, Mr. Farman, of Chicago, Gov. Buckingham, Hon. Henry J. Raymond, Chauncey Depew, Wayne McVeigh, Charles Tracey, and a number of the professors of Yale. The whole number present was very large. Old college songs were sung, reminiscences given; and, as a contrast with the bill of fare then before the alumni, the following notice was circulated:

"The students of Yale College are hereby notified that the present winter vacation is extended a fortnight from the 4th of next month. As this is occasioned by the difficulty which the steward finds in procuring flour or bread, it is earnestly requested of the parents that they would assist in furnishing the necessary supplies.

"EZRA STILES, President.

"YALE COLLEGE, Jan. 29th, 1770."

Personal.

GOV. FENTON, on his return to Jamestown, from Albany, after his election as senator, was greeted by the ringing of bells, the roar of cannon, and the congratulations of his neighbors and friends.

....Sojourner Truth, prophetess of the Lord, is now in Detroit. The good old lady is 82 years of age. Her faculties are still unimpaired. Her wit seems to enjoy a perpetual youth. Her manner is full of the same sprightliness which has always made her so crisp and piquant a sybil. Her whole character, in fact, seems more unique than ever. We hope she will live to attain her hundredth year.

....Henry W. Longfellow, George B. Cheever, and Nathaniel Hawthorne graduated at Bowdoin College, in the class of 1825, which numbered thirty-eight. Numbers one and two in rank in the class are quite unknown in the literary world. Longfellow ranked number four and Cheever number eight, while Hawthorne seems to have had no aspiration for college honors, and was so low down as not to be ranked at all.

....Senator Sumner, replying to the congratulations of the National Committee of Colored Citizens upon his re-election to the Senate for a fourth term, says: "One of the choicest satisfactions of arduous public service is found in the good-will which you so kindly communicate to me in behalf of those for whom I labored. If I were disposed to hesitate, your letter would quicken my energies. Be assured I shall press on to the end, against prejudice, against opposition, against combinations of all kinds. The good cause has advanced from victory to victory. It only remains that equal rights for all shall be assured at the ballot-box everywhere throughout the country. Until this great victory is won our work is unfinished; nor, in my opinion, can our republic give an example to mankind. It is little short of absurdity to call a government republican in form which makes a discrimination of rights on account of color and establishes an oligarchy of the skin."

....The following letter was read at the Burns Festival in Washington, last week:

"AMESBURY, 1st Month, 18th, 1869.

"DEAR FRIEND:—I thank the club represented by thee for remembering me on the occasion of its annual festival. Though I have never been able to trace my ancestry to the Land o' Cakes, I have (and I know it is saying a great deal) a Scotchman's love for the poet whose fame deepens and broadens with years. The world has never known a truer singer. We may criticise his rustic verse, and compare his brief and simple lyrics with the works of men of longer scrolls and loftier lyres; but, after rendering to Wordsworth

News of the Week.

WILLIAM MORET, keeper of a gambling-saloon at 566 Broadway, New York, was robbed of $2,000, Sunday night, by three men, who entered the place and bound him, threatening him with death if he resisted.

....The Chinese Embassy was received, on Monday, in Paris, by Gen. Dix. The report that Gen. Dix had protested against the enthusiastic reception given to Jeff. Davis at St. Cyr is officially contradicted.

....The Workingmen's State Assembly of New York, which held its annual meeting at Albany last week, elected William J. Jessup president for the ensuing year, Alexander Troup secretary, both of New York, and Lyman Weaver, of Albany, treasurer.

....Frequent earthquake shocks have again occurred in the Island of Hawaii, and the volcano, Mauna Loa, has resumed activity. There were slight earthquakes at San Francisco on Thursday last, and at the same time some damage was done to the vessels in the harbor by a gale.

....A party of hunters had a fearful encounter with a full-grown American lion, near the Belt Mountains in Montana, one day last month. The animal received seventeen bullets before he succumbed. He measured eight feet from nose to tip of tail and was nearly four feet high.

....It is now asserted that the members of the Provisional Government of Spain are in favor of the Duke of Montpensier for the Spanish throne. The Duke is the fifth son of Louis Phillippe, and is married to the sister of the ex-Queen Isabella. He is said to be especially obnoxious to Louis Napoleon; and upon what he bases his claim to the Spanish throne, or the support of the Spanish people, is difficult at present to perceive.

....It is reported in Madrid that the Spanish Constitutional Cortes, soon to assemble, will establish a directory to govern the country until a successor to the throne can be selected. A large deputation of citizens waited on the ministry on Sunday, and urged the absolute separation of church and state. The populace gathered in front of the ministerial palace, and clamored loudly for religious liberty.

....A bill has been introduced into the New York legislature to provide that the constitution adopted by the Convention of 1867, which lasted into 1868, be submitted to the people. The proposed constitution is in some respects an improvement over that now in force, and it is to be hoped that it may be adopted. It erects new safeguards against bribery and corruption in legislation, and against frauds in voting; and for this reason the Democratic party will fight it to the death.

....Vinnie Ream's statue of Lincoln has approached a stage when its merits can be judged. Within a few days it has been examined by some of the intimate friends and associates of Mr. Lincoln during his life—among them Judge Davis, executor of Mr. Lincoln; Marshal Lamon, his law partner; and Col. Dickey, assistant attorney-general. They pronounce it a success, not only as an excellent likeness, but as representing that thoughtful, benignant mood of the subject best worth perpetuating in marble.

....It is stated by Col. Barton, aide-de-camp and private secretary to Gov. Clayton, of Arkansas, that during the three months preceding the calling out of the militia there were received at the Governor's headquarters authentic accounts of over two hundred different murders, perpetrated with impunity in that state, and very many of the most fiendish outrages; but during the forty days which have passed since martial law was declared but one single murder and not a single outrage has been heard of in the state.

....A frightful disaster occurred at Danbury, Conn., on Sunday evening. The upper dam which supplies the village with water broke away, and the flood thus created carried away two dams lower down the stream. The vast body of water which had been confined by these dams swept down through the valley, carrying everything before it. Bridges were washed away, houses floated off, and great damage inflicted upon property of all kinds lying in its course. One house, containing a man, his wife, and child, was carried away, and three were drowned. The bodies of five persons have thus far been recovered, and it is thought several more persons perished.

....A suit has just been tried in New Orleans involving the question whether a party was bound now by notes given for slaves before the war. The plaintiff sold his plantations, with about 600 slaves, some time before the war, and notes were given as part of the price. Two jury stood 11 for plaintiff and 1 for defendant. The Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of Mrs. Gaines agt. De la Croix, recognized the liability of defendant for slaves. The same point also came up before the United States Court in Texas, and was submitted to a jury of negroes, who were emancipated by the war; this jury found that their own sale before the war was valid. The question remains open, however, in New Orleans.

....A young lady was found insane wandering about the woods of Vigo County, Ind., recently; and, as she was unable to tell who she was or where she belonged, she was taken to the poorhouse. In the pocket of her dress was found a pocketbook, containing a good sum of money and a check for $100 drawn on an Oswego, N. Y., bank, and also a railroad check. She has since, however, recovered, and explained away the mystery that surrounded her. She says that her name is Parmelia Robinson, and that she lives in Oswego, N. Y., with her parents, who are wealthy. She left them to visit a sister at Rockville, Parke County; but on the way became insane, and at Terre Haute took to the woods. Her trunk has been found at Terre Haute.

....Henry C. Dorsey, who has given the prisoners in jails and houses of correction in Massachusetts a good dinner, is, says the Springfield *Republican*, "a wealthy citizen of Providence, who last year gave a sum of money to the Connecticut state-prison as a permanent fund, from the income of which the convicts there are every year to have a good Christmas dinner. It is an unusual form of charity; but, considering how few there are who trouble themselves at all about prisoners, it is worthy of praise and imitation. The sum placed in Warden Haynes's hands by Mr. Dorsey was $500; which, distributed among the twenty-five prisons in the state, would give an average of twenty dollars to each."

....One of the officers of the Freedmen's Bureau has been into Delaware to ascertain the facts about the burning of a school-house just put up near Milford. He found many of the citizens thereabout bitterly hostile to the efforts making for the education of the colored people, and satisfied himself that the school-building was purposely burned. He took the names of the persons who he had reason to believe were guilty, and gave them to the state authorities, demanding that the officers of the law at once do their duty in the premises. Governor Saulsbury was very indignant that any one outside the state should come there to interfere with his affairs; and it is doubtful if he takes any steps in the matter. If he does not, General Howard will see what he can do to protect his school-houses and school-teachers through other agencies than these semi-civilized officials.

....The immigrants into New York during 1868 amounted to 213,685 souls, of whom 111,989 were from Germany, 47,571 from Ireland, 29,905 from England, 14,320 from Sweden, 7,330 from Scotland, 3,302 from Switzerland, 2,811 from France, 1,305 from Holland, 1,057 from Denmark, 1,006 from Norway, and the remaining 3,000 were variously divided among Russia, Italy, Wales, Poland, Spain, Portugal, Japan. Of these 213,686 immigrants, it is reported that 65,714 were destined for New York, 34,605 for Illinois, 16,537 for Wisconsin, 11,133 for Ohio, 7,604 for Massachusetts, 6,936 for Pennsylvania, and about 5,000 each for New Jersey, Michigan, Missouri, and California. The following remarkably small numbers were destined for the Southern States: Arkansas, 78; Virginia, 731; Tennessee, 549; North Carolina, 114; South Carolina, 148; Georgia, 127; Alabama, 114; Florida, 34; Mississippi, 84; Louisiana, 567—a total of 2,646, or less than one-half per cent. of the whole. The unsettled condition of affairs in the South is reported to be the cause of the disinclination of the immigrants to make their homes in the South.

Publisher's Department.

KEROSENE—ITS DANGERS AND THE REMEDY.

KEROSENE makes the cheapest and best light now in use; but its inflammable and explosive qualities (especially when adulterated, as it almost always is) makes its use highly dangerous to life and property. So numerous and terrible have explosions and fires from this cause become that general attention is now given to the subject. Prof. C. F. Chandler, of Columbia College, reports to the New York Board of Health that the kerosene purchased at *eighty* different groceries was *in every case* so adulterated as to be entirely unsafe. Congress even has taken up the subject, and is proposing to pass some law to try to prevent this frightful loss of life and property.

But just now, when the need is universally felt, American genius comes to the rescue. A Safety Kerosene Lamp has been invented, which, from the unqualified and hearty endorsements it has received from those who rank among the most eminent scientific and literary men of our country, we do not hesitate to pronounce *absolutely free from all danger of explosion*, and at the same time gives *forty per cent. more light* than ordinary lamps, a purer, steadier flame, and saves *one-third the oil*. That these statements are literally true, in every particular, we refer to

CHARLES T. JACKSON, M. D., Massachusetts State Assayer;
PROF. W. S. CLARK, President Mass. Agricultural College;
REV. L. P. HICKOK, D. D., Ex-president Union College, N. Y.;
PROF. E. S. SNELL, of Amherst College;
REV. W. S. TYLER, D.D., of Amherst College;
E. P. HARRIS, Professor of Chemistry, Amherst College;
DR. EDWARD HITCHCOCK, of Amherst College;
PROF. R. H. MATHER, of Amherst College;
and many others equally eminent. All the above gentlemen commend this lamp to the public in the heartiest terms, *after actual trial in their own families*. Nothing more need be said to bring this lamp at once into public confidence and universal use. It is "Perkins & House's Non-explosive Kerosene Lamp." No other is perfectly safe. Messrs Votaw & Montgomery are the sole general agents for the United States. They sell only by canvassing agents—never to or by the trade. They desire agents in every neighborhood in the whole country. Their agents are now making money and introducing a public blessing. To buy this Lamp, or get an agency, apply for full particulars (with stamp) to their address. Lamps sent, C. O. D., everywhere for private use. All letters of inquiry or remittances from New England should be addressed to Springfield, Mass.; from any other place, to Cleveland, O. Retail prices vary thus: $1 25, $1 50, $2 50, $4, etc.

Exclusive territory for agents, and no competition.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY OF BOSTON, by saving the expense of collecting agents, is enabled to give away in its work *all that is given to it*. Economy is its principle. Those who want the *whole amount* of their donations to go for benevolence will find this society's method *just the thing*.

WE take pleasure in calling attention to the advertisement of the United Security Life Insurance Company, of Philadelphia, Geo. H. Stuart, Esq., president. Parties desiring agencies can secure no better company to work for.

The Independent.

PREMIUMS.

Subject in every respect to TERMS on First Page.

Putnam's Monthly Magazine.

Steadily and rapidly growing in merit and popularity, and a great favorite in tens of thousands of families.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Putnam's Magazine* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Putnam's*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Putnam's Magazine* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Monthly.

Always rich, racy, and readable, popular alike with old and young, splendidly illustrated, and worthy of its extensive patronage.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Monthly*—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Monthly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Monthly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

The Galaxy.

Bold, talented, liberal, attractive writers, fine stories, and every way deserving its high position and great prosperity.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *The Galaxy* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *The Galaxy*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *The Galaxy* one year to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Weekly.

A favorite everywhere and with everybody; and all our subscribers, of course, will order it through us at the reduced price.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Weekly* for one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Weekly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Weekly* one year as a present to any new subscriber that for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Bazar,

with its fashion-plates, illustrations, engravings, and minute instructions in regard to all matters pertaining to the toilette, is regarded as indispensable authority in all "good society."

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Bazar* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Bazar*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Bazar* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

American Agriculturist.

More than a hundred thousand farmers and others take it, and pronounce it first-rate. It is also a great favorite with city gentlemen and alike a necessity and a luxury.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *American Agriculturist* for one year—price $1 50—to any person who will send us $3 75; or we will send the *American Agriculturist* one year as a present to any person who will send us the names of two new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

National Sunday-school Teacher, of Chicago.

Altogether the best, cheapest, and most popular Sabbath-school monthly in America, and worthy of a place in every family. Friends of the young should labor earnestly for its extensive circulation; and, if possible, introduce it into every Sabbath-school class and Bible-class in the nation.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *National Sunday-school Teacher* (monthly) for one year—price $1 50—to any person (not already a subscriber to *The National Sunday-school Teacher*) who will send us $3; or we will send the *National Sunday-school Teacher* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Carpenter's Book,

SIX MONTHS AT THE WHITE HOUSE WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This book has now a world-wide reputation, and those who desire perfect familiarity with the beautiful life and character of Abraham Lincoln should have it without delay. We have already given away nearly twenty thousand copies, and are ready to send broadcast a hundred thousand or five hundred thousand more.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and "Six Months at the White House"—price $1 50—postage paid to any person who will send us $3; or we will send "Six Months at the White House" as a present to any person who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Worcester's Unabridged Pictorial Quarto Dictionary.

We will present this great, this magnificent unabridged pictorial dictionary—price $10—to any person who will send us the names of six new subscribers, with the money ($15), or to any person not in arrears who will renew his subscription for eight years and pay us $30. This splendid volume, of eighteen hundred and fifty pages, is becoming more and more popular wherever the English language is spoken, and by thousands it is pronounced vastly superior to any other dictionary in the world. It is worth a whole library of ordinary trash, called books, and should be owned and placed on the centre-table for daily consultation and study in *every family*. Our favorable contract with the Publishers enables us to offer it for the trifling effort of obtaining six new subscribers. Reader, if you are destitute, go to work.

RITCHIE'S
Celebrated Steel Engraving of Hicks's famous and beautiful Oil Painting, entitled
"Authors of the United States."
HUNDREDS ALREADY GIVEN AWAY, AND EVERYBODY IS DELIGHTED.

This magnificent, this wonderful steel engraving—size 19 by 35 inches—is one of Ritchie's finest productions, and would be a splendid ornament to hang in any parlor or library in the United States. It contains a good-sized likeness of the following distinguished authors:

IRVING.	BANCROFT.
BRYANT.	PARKE GODWIN.
COOPER.	MOTLEY.
LONGFELLOW.	BEECHER.
MISS SEDGWICK.	GRIFFIS.
MRS. SIGOURNEY.	EMERSON.
MRS. SOUTHWORTH.	R. H. DANA.
MITCHELL.	MARGARET FULLER (OSSOLI).
WILLIS.	CHANNING.
HOLMES.	MRS. STOWE.
KENNEDY.	MRS. KIRKLAND.
MRS. MOWATT RITCHIE.	WHITTIER.
ALICE CAREY.	LOWELL.
PIERPONT.	BOKER.
G. W. KENDALL.	BAYARD TAYLOR.
MORRIS.	SAXE.
POE.	STODDARD.
TUCKERMAN.	MRS. AMELIA WELBY.
HAWTHORNE.	GALLAGHER.
SIMMS.	MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.
HOFFMAN.	HALLECK.
KEMPT.	COZZENS.

The lowest price of this beautiful engraving is $14. We have purchased the steel plate, at a cost of $4,500, and now offer to present a copy of the engraving to any person who will send us the names of four new subscribers, with the money, $10, or who will renew their own subscription for four years and pay us $10. The engraving will be delivered at our office, or it will be carefully packed and sent free of charge to any part of the country where there is a post-office—but not further West than Kansas, Nebraska and Minnesota. We believe this premium honestly to be the most valuable and beautiful present ever offered by any newspaper for four new subscribers. Perfect satisfaction is absolutely guaranteed, *or the money will be refunded* in every case, and to all persons who order this engraving on the liberal terms proposed.

Grover & Baker SEWING-MACHINE.

GREAT PREMIUM FOR 1869.

Sewing Machines Given Away BY THOUSANDS.

A MAGNIFICENT OFFER TO Every Subscriber of The Independent.

TO EVERY READER, AND TO EVERY PERSON Wanting a Perfect Sewing Machine,

TAKE NOTICE.

GROVER & BAKER'S world-renowned No. 23 Family Sewing Machine, with hemmer and tucker complete, sells for $55, cash. We will present such a machine to any person who will send us the names of TWENTY-TWO new subscribers (see terms on first page), which, at our usual rates, $2 50 each, is $55—*just the cash price of the machine.*

We simply want the names (with the money) of *twenty-two persons* who do not take our paper, and who really subscribe for it; they may be sent one at a time, or all together; they may be at one post-office, or more than one—we are only particular that they shall be *bona-fide new subscribers.* On this liberal offer we shall expect to send one of these indispensable household articles into almost every village in the country.

There are thousands of very worthy but poor women connected with our churches who may be made comparatively independent if they can be furnished with a sewing machine. To obtain it, and easily too, it is only necessary for some friend to make a move. A clergyman writes us that he announced publicly to his congregation that they might be called on to subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT, in order to supply a needy family with the means of self-support—a sewing machine. The object was speedily accomplished, and the family no longer lived on charity. Those who think "charity begins at home" will, of course, need only a slight "stirring up" to induce them to practice their principles in such a good cause.

The best gifts are those that have a permanent value, that do not deteriorate with use, or lose their interest and importance with the lapse of time.

There are very few purchasable *household articles* which retain their value, and all the time yield a splendid interest on the investment; but among them we must put down first a GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine. This modern miracle, this magic seamstress, with exact eye and tireless fingers, not only repays over and over again in a very short time the money spent in its purchase, but is capable of becoming a small fortune to its possessor.

It is the most valuable gift that a husband can make to his wife, a father to his daughter, the benevolent to the poor, or a congregation to their minister's wife.

It is not only a household assistant, worth the labor of three or four pairs of hands; but it is a life annuity, a perpetual security against absolute want. A clever operator on a GROVER & BAKER Machine can always find remunerative employment, at the more because it accomplishes so wide a range of work.

Any first-class Sewing Machine is good for a gift, and possesses a certain value. But we recommend the GROVER & BAKER, *because it is the best*; because it accomplishes the most and the best work with the least trouble; because the stitch is the most durable, as well as the most beautiful; because it is the only one adapted to all kinds of work, and every variety of material; because it is more simple, more easily understood than others, and requires no delay in rewinding, fastening, and the like.

There are many other reasons which we could give; but these will suffice with the crowning one—that it never fails to give the most entire and perfect satisfaction.

Persons intending to take advantage of this offer, and sending the subscribers' names as they obtain them, will please state in each instance that they are sent on this account.

All subscriptions sent under this offer must begin with the number of the paper NEXT AFTER THE RECEIPT OF THE MONEY.

Remittances must be made by post-office money-order, bank-check, or express (paid).

Address (with full directions how to ship the machines),

HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER,
No. 3 Park Place, N. Y.

DIED.

WINES.—On the 25th inst., at 8.50 P. M., at Springfield, Ill., of pneumonia, after an illness of eighteen days, Howard Kimbrough, only son of Rev. Fred. H. and Mrs. MARY F. WINES, aged three years and nine days.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Mme. Jumel's Toilet Preparations are in great demand among the ladies. 97 Broadway. Also furnishing goods in every variety.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF
Three Cord Silk Finish
AND
Six Cord Soft Finish
Spool Cotton.

The latter particularly adapted for Sewing Machines, as will be seen by the following certificate from the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co.:

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.,
No. 625 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, March 5d, 1868.

We beg to call the attention of the public and our Agents to the NEW SIX CORD THREAD of the WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO., which we have thoroughly tested, and find superior to any other in the market.

Good Thread is essential to the successful working of Sewing Machines, and we have always encouraged its improvement. The WILLIMANTIC COMPANY has made especial efforts to satisfy us, and expended A MILLION OF DOLLARS in building and organizing a New Factory. Now, with improved machinery, it has achieved a success exceedingly gratifying to us; and furnishes a new Six Cord Thread which we commend to our Agents and all purchasers and users of Wheeler & Wilson and other Sewing Machines.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

Geo. S. Moulton & Co.,
Sole Agents in New York,
101 CHAMBERS ST.

COMMUNION SERVICES.

In addition to our extensive assortment of Silver-Plated Ware for family use, we are making a specialty of the manufacture of Communion Ware, in great variety, and of elaborate and appropriate designs. Liberal terms made with religious societies. Photographs, showing the various styles, will be sent by mail on application.

ADAMS, CHANDLER & CO.,
No. 29 John street, New York.

Vermilye & Co.,
Bankers,
Nos. 16 & 18 Nassau st., New York,

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY ALL ISSUES OF
UNITED STATES STOCKS.

WE GIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION TO
FUNDING
7-30 TREASURY LOANS.

ALL SERIES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR 5-20 BONDS.

Returns made to Correspondents without Delay, and on Favorable Terms.

John J. Cisco & Son,
BANKERS,
No. 59 Wall st., New York,

(Brown Brothers & Co.'s Building.)

RECEIVE MONEY ON DEPOSIT, IN GOLD, COIN, OR CURRENCY, and allow interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum on daily balances, subject to check at sight.

Issue Certificates of Deposit, bearing *four per cent.* interest, payable on demand.

Negotiate Loans.

Execute promptly orders for the purchase and sale of Gold.

Buy and Sell Government and other Securities on commission.

Make collections on all parts of the United States and Canada.

REMOVAL.

U.S. Trust Company
REMOVED TO
40 WALL STREET,
FIRST FLOOR.

Capital and Surplus - - - $2,000,000.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS,

which may be made and withdrawn at any time, and will be entitled to interest for the whole time they may remain with the Company.

JOHN A. STEWART, President.
WILLIAM H. MACY, } Vice-Presidents.
JOHN J. CISCO, }

TRUSTEES.

PETER COOPER,	EDWIN D. MORGAN,
R. H. ARNOLD,	CLINTON GILBERT,
ROYAL PHELPS,	JOHN JACOB ASTOR, Jr.,
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THOMAS SLOCOMB,	GEORGE T. ADEE,
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WILSON G. HUNT,	JAMES S. SEYMOUR,
WILLIAM E. DODGE,	JOHN CASWELL.

WILLIAM DARROW, Secretary.

WALTER T. HATCH. NATHL. W. T. HATCH.

W. T. Hatch & Son,
Bankers and Dealers
IN
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES,
No. 34 Wall Street, N. Y.,
BUY AND SELL AT MARKET RATES

U. S. 6 per cent. Bonds of 1881. Coupon and Registered.
U. S. Five-twenty 6 per cent. Bonds.
U. S. Ten-forty 5 per cent. Bonds.
U. S. Seven-thirty Treasury Notes.
U. S. One-year Certificates.
U. S. Compound Interest Notes.
And all classes of Government Issues.

ACCOUNTS OF BANKS, BANKERS, AND OTHERS RECEIVED ON FAVORABLE TERMS.
Interest Allowed on Deposits subject to Check.
ORDERS IN
GOLD, RAILWAY STOCKS, AND BONDS
Promptly Executed at the Stock and Gold Exchange.

NATIONAL Life Insurance Co.
OF THE
United States of America,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Cash Capital - - - $1,000,000.
Branch Office:
FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING, PHILADA.
To which all general correspondence should be addressed.

OFFICERS:
CLARENCE H. CLARK, President.
JAY COOKE, Chairman of Finance and Executive Com.

This Company, for its low rates, character, offers, by reason of its Large Capital, Low Rates of Premium, and New Tables, the most desirable means of Insuring Life yet presented to the public.

JAY COOKE & CO., 236 Broadway, New York,
General Agents for New York State and Northern N.J.
E. W. CLARK & CO., Philadelphia,
General Agents for Pennsylvania and Southern N. J.

HATCH, FOOTE & CO.
Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities,
No. 12 WALL ST., N. Y.,

BUY, SELL, or EXCHANGE, and keep constantly on hand for delivery, all issues of U. S. Bonds.

GOLD COIN and COUPONS Bought and Sold at market rates.

Orders in Miscellaneous Stocks executed on Commission.

United Security Life Insurance Co. of Penn.
CAPITAL, $1,000,000.
GEO. H. STUART, Esq., President.

AGENTS wanted in all the principal towns and cities in the country. Apply to C. F. BETTS, Secretary, southeast corner Fifth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia.

IRVING SAVINGS INSTITUTION
No. 96 WARREN ST.

Interest allowed at the rate of six per cent. on all sums entitled thereto. Open daily from 10 to 3 P. M.

VANDERBILT L. BUXTON Secretary.

MEN AND WOMEN WANTED TO
act as agents for the MANHATTAN CO-OPERATIVE RELIEF ASSOCIATION. Apply in person or by letter to LATHAM EMERY & CO., General Agents No. 73 Cedar Street, N. Y. City.

ORNAMENTAL AND USEFUL.
BUY THE SILVER TIPPED SHOES
For Children. Will outwear three pairs without tips.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE.
PARIS, 1867.
WHEELER & WILSON, No. 625 BROADWAY, N.Y., Awarded, over Eighty-two Competitors
THE HIGHEST PREMIUM.
A GOLD MEDAL,
for the perfection of Sewing Machines and Button-hole Machines. The only Gold Medal for this branch of manufacture.

A VALUABLE GIFT.—DR. S. S. FITCH'S FAMILY Physician, 96 pages, describes most diseases and their remedies. Sent to any address free, or given to any who call for it.
Dr. S. S. Fitch may be consulted free at his office, 714 Broadway, every Monday, and every other week from January 6th, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. Specialty, the treatment of Coughs, Heart Disease, Cancer, and all Chronic Diseases.

COUGHS, COLDS, INFLUENZA.
If To all who suffer from these complaints, and wish to find a permanent remedy, we say, try DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM, a medicine which contains no OPIUM, and has cured the worst cases among our own citizens.

BALL, BLACK & CO.
565 & 567 BROADWAY,
CALL THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC TO THEIR ELEGANT AND VARIED ASSORTMENT OF
NICKLE SILVER
AND FINE
WHITE METAL
ELECTRO PLATED
TABLE WARE
MANUFACTURED EXPRESSLY FOR THEM BY THE
MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMP'Y.

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH IN CHINA.

THE EAST INDIA TELEGRAPH COMPANY'S Office, Nos. 23 and 25 Nassau Street. Organized under special charter from the State of New York.

CAPITAL - - - $5,000,000.
50,000 Shares, $100 Each.

DIRECTORS:

Hon. ANDREW G. CURTIN, Phila.;
PAUL S. FORBES, of Russell & Co., China;
FRED. BUTTERFIELD, of F. Butterfield & Co., New York;
ISAAC LIVERMORE, Treas. Mich. Cen. R. R., Boston;
ALEXANDER HOLLAND, Treas. Am. Ex. Co., New York;
Hon. JAMES NOXON, Syracuse, N. Y.;
O. H. PALMER, Treas. West. U. Tel. Co., New York;
FLETCHER WESTRAY, of Westray, Gibbs & Hardcastle, N. Y.;
NICHOLAS MICKLES, New York.

OFFICERS:

A. G. CURTIN, President;
N. MICKLES, Vice-President;
GEORGE CONANT, Secretary;
GEORGE ELLIS, (Cashier Nat. Bank Commonwealth), Treasurer;
Hon. A. K. MCCLURE, Philadelphia, Solicitor.

The Chinese Government having (through the Hon. Anson Burlingame) conceded to this Company the privilege of connecting the great seaports of the Empire by submarine electric telegraph cable, we propose commencing operations in China, and laying down a line of 9000 miles at once, between the following ports, viz.:

	Population.
Canton,	1,000,000
Macoa,	60,000
Hong-Kong,	250,000
Swatow,	200,000
Amoy,	250,000
Foo-Chow,	1,250,000
Wau-Chu,	300,000
Ningpo,	400,000
Hang-Chean,	1,200,000
Shanghai,	1,050,000
Total,	5,910,000

These ports have a foreign commerce of $900,000,000, and an enormous domestic trade; besides which we have the immense internal commerce of the Empire, radiating from these points, through its canals and navigable rivers.

The cable being laid, this Company proposes erecting land-lines, and establishing a speedy and trustworthy means of communication, which must command there, as everywhere else, the communications of the government, of business, and of social life, especially in China. She has no postal system, and her only means now of communicating information is by courier on land, and by steamers on water.

The Western World knows that China is a very large country, in the main densely peopled; but few yet realize that she contains more than a third of the human race. The latest returns made to her central authorities for taxing purposes, by the local magistrates, make her population *Four Hundred and Fourteen Millions;* and this is more likely to be under than over the actual aggregate. Nearly all of these who are over ten years old not only can but do read and write. Her civilization is peculiar, but her literature is as extensive as that of Europe. China is a land of teachers and traders; and the latter are exceedingly quick to avail themselves of every proffered facility for procuring early information. It is observed in California that the Chinese make great use of the telegraph, though it there transmits messages in English alone. To-day, great numbers of fleet steamers are owned by Chinese merchants, and used by them exclusively for the transmission of early intelligence. If the telegraph we propose, connecting all their great seaports, were now in existence, it is believed that its business would pay its cost within the first two years of its successful operation, and would steadily increase thereafter.

No enterprise commends itself as in a greater degree remunerative to capitalists, and to our whole people. It is of vast national importance, commercially, politically, and evangelically.

Shares of this Company, to a limited number, may be obtained at $50 each, $10 payable down, $15 on the 1st of November, and $25 payable in monthly installments of $2.50 each, commencing December 1, 1868, on application to

Messrs. BOOKSTAVER, THAYER & SLOSSON, No. 10 Wall st., New York.
THE NATIONAL BANK COMMONWEALTH, New York.
DREXEL WINTHROP & Co., Bankers, 18 Wall street, New York.
Messrs. DREXEL & Co., Philadelphia.
Messrs. J. L. BROWNELL & Co., New York.
Messrs. JAY COOKE & Co., Washington D. C.
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK, Washington, D. C.
Messrs. C. D. HEAD and T. H. PERKINS, Boston.
Messrs. LEE, HIGGINSON & Co., Boston.
THE MERCHANTS' NATIONAL BANK, Syracuse, N. Y.
THE SYRACUSE CITY BANK, Syracuse, N. Y.
Messrs. CHAS. F. CHASE & Co., Baltimore, Md.
Messrs. DONAHOE, KELLY & Co., San Francisco, Cal.
G. F. DAVIS, President of City National Bank, Hartford, Conn.
W. R. HIGBY, Esq., Pequonnock National Bank, Bridgeport, Conn.
H. H. ORMSBEE, Manufacturers' Ins. Company, Providence, R. I.
W. H. MORSE, American Express Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

And at the office of the Company,
Nos. 23 and 25 Nassau st., New York

REED & BARTON,
TAUNTON, MASS.,
Established 1824,
MANUFACTURERS OF THE NEW PATENT
SEAMLESS LINED ICE-PITCHER.

Pronounced by Dr. HAYES, State Assayer of Massachusetts, to preserve Water *PERFECTLY PURE*, while in others, made in the usual manner of two different metals soldered or welded together (thus forming a *galvanic arrangement*), the water, after standing for one hour, was found to contain traces of *LEAD AND COPPER*, and in four hours *SUFFICIENT METAL HAD BEEN DISSOLVED TO RENDER THE WATER DELETERIOUS TO HEALTH.*

Are also the Manufacturers of the finest quality of
ELECTRO-PLATED NICKEL SILVER
AND
White Metal Table Ware,

of every description, including a large variety of *new and elegant designs*, which are sold by the principal dealers in the United States, *with our guarantee* that the goods are made of the best quality of metal *and plated full weight of silver.*

THE HIGHEST PRIZE FOR SILVER-PLATED WARE was awarded to REED & BARTON by the American Institute, New York, in 1867.

Office and Show-rooms at the Factory, Taunton, Mass., and No. 124 Broadway, New York.

J. RUSSELL & CO.,
GREEN RIVER WORKS.

We now offer to the Trade a new line of goods, bearing the above Trade-mark. These are made of the best materials, tempered and finished with all possible care, and are in every respect superior to imported Cutlery.

All of our
CARVING AND SLICING KNIVES
so stamped are warranted perfect in temper and durability of edge.

CAUTION—Since the success of our new Patent all Steel Silver-plated Knife was established, a number of imitations have appeared in the market, all of which are infringements upon our Patent-rights and cannot be relied upon. Be sure that your goods bear the Trade-mark of "J. Russell & Co."

Sets of 37, 49, and 73 pieces, in Rosewood and Silver Cases, for Wedding and Holiday Presents, for sale by all dealers.

OFFICE, 83 BEEKMAN ST., N. Y.

BUY OF THE
OLDEST AND BEST MAKERS.

REDFIELD & RICE.
4 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
ESTABLISHED 1852.

No goods you purchase are so liable to deceive as
SILVER-PLATED WARE.
The slightest wash of silver will finish up, and to the sight be as good as the best. Look well to the maker.

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS
we have made *one regular standard grade of goods*, and placed our name on each piece of ware as our guarantee of its quality. The consequence is a steady and increasing demand for our trade-mark from the best trade, and an unsullied reputation with consumers.

A written guarantee given with each purchase, if requested.

CHUCH, TEA, AND COFFEE SETS, AND URNS, CASTERS, CAKE-BASKETS, AND FRUIT-STANDS, ICE PITCHERS, SALVERS, AND WINE-STANDS.

No. 4 Maiden Lane.

1,000 MILES
OF THE
Union Pacific
RAILROAD
ARE NOW COMPLETED.

As 500 miles of the western portion of the line, beginning at Sacramento, are also done, but

267 MILES REMAIN
to be Finished to Open the Grand Through Line to the Pacific. This Opening will certainly take place early this season.

Besides a donation from the Government of 12,800 acres of land per mile, the Company is entitled to a subsidy in United States Bonds, on its line as completed and accepted, at the average rate of about $30 per mile, according to the difficulties encountered. For which the Government takes a second lien as security. Whether subsidies are given to any other companies or not, the Government will comply with all its contracts with the Union Pacific Railroad Company. Nearly the whole amount of bonds to which the Company will be entitled have already been delivered.

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS AT PAR.

By its charter the Company is permitted to issue its own FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS to the same amount as the Government Bonds, *and no more.* These by the Act are a First Mortgage upon the entire road and all its equipments.

THEY HAVE THIRTY YEARS TO RUN, AT SIX PER CENT., and both

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST
ARE
Payable in Gold.

Such securities are generally valuable in proportion to the length of time they have to run. The longest six per cent. gold interest bonds of the U. S. (the '81s) will be due in 12 years, and they are worth 112. If they had 20 years to run, they would stand at not less than 125. A perfectly safe First Mortgage Bond like the Union Pacific should approach this rate. The demand for European investment is already considerable, and on the completion of the work will doubtless carry the price to a large premium.

SECURITY OF THE BONDS.

It needs no argument to show that a First Mortgage of $16,000 per mile upon what for a long time must be the only railroad connecting the Atlantic and Pacific states is perfectly secure. The entire amount of the mortgage will be about $50,000,000, and the interest will be payable in gold. The present currency cost of this interest is less than $2,500,000 per annum, while the gross earnings for the year 1868, FROM WAY BUSINESS only, on AN AVERAGE OF LESS THAN 700 MILES OF ROAD IN OPERATION, WERE MORE THAN

FIVE MILLION DOLLARS,

the details of which are as follows:

From Passengers	$1,284,005 97
" Express	2,700,000 00
" Mails	51,253 08
" Miscellaneous	91,636 27
" Government freight	104,077 77
" " freight	440,440 33
" Contractors' men	301,179 09
" " material	933,430 32
Total	$5,066,651 61

This large amount is only an indication of the immense traffic that must go over the through line in a few months, when the great tide of Pacific coast travel and trade will begin. It is estimated that this business must make the earnings of the road from FIFTEEN TO TWENTY MILLIONS A YEAR.

As the supply of these Bonds will soon cease, parties who desire to invest in them will find it for their interest to do so at once.

The price for the present is PA

The Independent.

PLAYING AT COURTING.

BY ALICE ROBBINS.

"Let's play at courting, little wife—
Forget these boys and girls,
Ignore the wrinkles on our brows,
The gray hairs 'mid our curls.

"Me, John, across the field you see,
With Sunday-suit bedight;
You at the glass push back your hair,
And smooth your apron white.

"You hum above your work, while loud
And quick your heart beats on;
And yet unconscious look, as if
There never was a John.

"Well, I am there: I dare not kiss
The little hand I touch;
It seems, just sitting by your side,
Almost one joy too much.

"And, as your shining needles move,
'Tis bliss enough to see
The downcast lashes sometimes lift,
To steal a glance at me.

"The neighbors shy look in sometim es—
I do not call them here;
I'd rather not, to tell the truth,
Have anybody near.

"The old folks bid a pleased good night,
And leave us two together—
To think, and blush, and nothing say,
Except, 'Tis pleasant weather.'

"But someway, by-and by (how is't?
I never could define)
My hand gets snuggling round your waist,
And yours gets clasped in mine.

"And someway, stranger still, your cheek
Comes very near my own;
For thus I bend my head, to hear
That bashful, whispering tone:

"And then"—wife nudged me. Close behind,
Eyes opened wide to see,
Our eldest stood—she's just the age
Her mother married me.

WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, Jan. 26th, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

THE Christian convention for this city, which was in session when my last letter was written, brought out during its last afternoon numerous strong utterances on the "woman question," all of them in favor of the enlargement of the sphere of woman's work in the churches. Gail Hamilton could not have desired anything more unequivocal and unanimous. In Chicago there is no battle to fight except with the indolence of the women themselves.

Farwell Hall was reopened last week, with two lectures by Mr. Punshon. The first one, on "Science, Literature, and Religion," was as trite as the subject was hackneyed. But, while the main thread of thought was not of the least value, there was the usual number of fine conceits, expressed in felicitous English, and delivered in that appladable manner of which your true platform-speaker is always master. His second lecture, on "Florence and her Memories," which I did not hear, was said to abound in those sky-rockets of feeling and rhetoric for which Mr. Punshon is so remarkable. If he would only confine himself to rhetoric and feeling, what a blessed thing it would be. His arguments on the evidences of Christianity are enough to make a thinking man skeptical.

The new hall is admirably adapted to its purpose as a great popular assembly-room. It is in many respects better than the old one. Parepa sings in it this week, and it will speedily become the great hall of the city. But the Y. M. C. A. owe it to themselves to do yet one other thing. Let them begin a series of popular entertainments, at an admission-fee barely sufficient to cover the expense—such as are given by the Bethel Mission, in Brooklyn. I make no doubt the first lecturers in the country could be secured, and a profit made with an admission-fee at twenty-five cents. It is a crying shame that all entertainments of a kind calculated to elevate the people have jumped their admission-fee to one dollar. Let the Christian Association, with their vast hall, break down the extortion, and the public will stand by them.

Our Western lecture courses are about as usual. We hear of about the usual number of associations that have lost money, through bad management. We hear about the usual amount of complaint of first-class lecturers for charging too much. But the price charged grows out of the fact that people will not pay to hear any but first-class lecturers, and that everybody wants them. When they fail to get engagements at present prices the charges will fall. Oddly enough, it is harder to sustain a course in a large city than in smaller places. There are not half a dozen men that can get a respectable audience in Chicago. Another phenomenon of the Western lecture system is, that none of the professional lecturers will draw paying houses. The Western people do not go, as the New England people do, to be instructed, but to see the man. They will flock to hear "Nasby," who is but an indifferent speaker, because they want to see the parson; they run after Mr. Greeley, expecting to see him in an old white coat; but Mr. Whipple, and others of his class, who are chiefly distinguished as lecturers, are not so successful. So that the Western course has largely settled down on the few men who are really great lecturers and at the same time men whom the people care to see—as Phillips, Gough, Tilton, Douglass, and one or two others. We have not a Western man who can travel the Western course successfully, unless it be Schuyler Colfax. There are several scientific and literary men who can draw good houses in a few of our most advanced communities. Prof. Sanborn Tenney is lecturing to delighted audiences at Rockford, and goes thence to Bloomington. Gen. Howard is filling a series of engagements at the West this Winter.

A bill is to be introduced at Springfield in a few days to place the state institutions under one board. The object is to legislate an objectionable board of trustees of one institution out of existence. But we hope the legislature will not act too hastily in the matter. That the present system would be greatly improved by the formation of a board having charge of state charities there can be no doubt; but it is quite a question whether it would be best to include the educational institutions in the same management. And what will the state do with the jails and poor-houses, where so many poor creatures, sane and insane, are kept in a confinement not much better than Andersonville?

Rev. Sumner Ellis preached in favor of female suffrage, in the First Universalist church in this city, on Sunday last. Orthodox and Liberal seem to vie with each other in earnestness on this question. Universalist ladies are pledged to raise $50,000 to erect a collegiate building for the accommodation of lady students at Galesburg, who are to be admitted, I suppose, to all the college classes. A movement to all precisely similar has been on foot for some time among the Methodist ladies in connection with the Northwestern University at Evanston.

Rev. Charles Elliott, LL.D., the venerable Methodist divine, died at his residence at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, on the 6th instant. He was a man of vast erudition, ready Irish wit, and mature piety. Slavery and Romanism were the foes against which he fought most persistently, writing great tomes of inexhaustible and rather unreadable research on each. He was one of the most learned men of modern times; and, had his creative or critical faculties been in any proportion to his power of acquirement, he would have been a very great man.

PENHOLDER.

Book Table.

JUDGE COOLEY'S CONSTITUTIONAL LIMITATIONS.*

As a rule, we do not undertake to supply our readers with information concerning all the new law-books which are born, every year, of the industry and acumen of the legal profession of America. These books are commonly intended not for the public, but for a special class; and are usually too technical to be of any use or interest beyond that class. In the case of the work before us, by the distinguished jurist, Judge Cooley, who is one of the justices of the Supreme Court of Michigan and a professor in the university of that state, we see sufficient reason for departing from our usual course.

This book, it is true, is intended primarily for lawyers. It is a portly and ponderous tome. It comes arrayed in all the pomp and majesty of the professional sheep-skin. You would recognize that it is a law-book as far off as the old gentleman in the parable recognized the prodigal son. It is probable, however, that, instead of keeping up the analogy and running *toward* the book, your first impulse would be to run away from it.

We beg the reader, however, to restrain that impulse. We assure him that the book has claims upon the attention of all American citizens. Many have read Tocqueville and Kossuth, and have formed notions of their own government from those very clever theorists, who were anything but correct in many of their deductions; while few have ever read the great lawyers and statesmen of our own country, from whose writings of many years ago can be drawn answers to many puzzling queries of modern politicians, who think that wisdom was born with them.

There are so many aspirants for the honors of legal authorship that we are sometimes tempted to invoke no mild censures upon such as darken counsel by words without knowledge. There is no lack in number, at least, of law-books; but there is still room for all such works as possess real value. And Judge Cooley need have no misgivings as to his claims to attention. His book is not only seasonable, but needed.

The office of a legal text-book is not so well understood by laymen as by the bar; and perhaps it may be said with truth that until some of our American commentators appeared there was very little sense even among the common-law bar of the proper functions of such works. To this day there are too many law-books which are neither systematic nor profound, and which leave in the reader's memory a tangled mass of notions, of very little use to any one. Such books save a little labor in hunting up authorities; but have not the least educational value, and are worth the most when the author's own conclusions are least prominent.

But there are some books wherein the principles and maxims of the law, carefully deduced from the decided cases in which they have been tested and applied, are set forth in harmonious order, each falling naturally into its place; so that the completed work is like a well-delineated map, wherein the rivers are seen running from the fountain to the sea, and all their affluents appear in their own places. It is only when the law can be taken in as a whole that its parts or their value can be fully appreciated. But, when so presented, it is as clear to the unprofessional as to the professional mind, and becomes familiar at once as the realm of our daily life, instead of a shadowy and terrible region, as some imagine it, whence none emerge without wearing that face of gloom which Dante is said to have brought out from the under world.

Judge Cooley has been fortunate enough to find one of the most important and least-traversed regions of the law. We have good works on the Constitution of the United States, and on the general principles of constitutional and statutory construction; but, heretofore, we have had no adequate presentation of the American state.

It is one of the blessings of a free government that its best elements work smoothly, and are neither heard nor felt; yet this circumstance entails some misfortune, since we seldom trouble ourselves to inquire into any questions of polity until the system begins to work badly and annoy us. The Rebellion—presenting an absurd and dangerous claim that the state was greater than the nation, or the wheel than the whole machine—has led many people into the opposite absurdity, that, because the state is subordinate, it is rather a nuisance than otherwise, and performs no very important part in the body politic. No principle could be more unfounded or more mischievous; for the principle of localizing administration was the real basis of the Revolution, and is the only one which can make a large nation of civilized men capable of extending free institutions over a wide territory.

And when we consider how nearly universal is the dominion of the state in our ordinary concerns, and how few are the subjects which interest the entire nation, we are forced to recognize the great importance of having the functions of the state understood, and their operations made as safe and profitable as possible.

This book of Judge Cooley's has placed before us, in a very luminous way, the whole framework of the state. He has grouped together the various powers and limitations of the state authority; not only as regulated by the paramount authority of the Union, but also as confined and directed in its domestic operation by the will of the people over whom it exercises its benignant sway. The duties which the state owes to the entire people of the United States, the comity it is bound to entertain toward sister states, the subordination of all its departments to fixed rules of justice, the protection of its citizens from public and private oppression, are all expounded in an orderly way, in the light of judicial authorities; and the labor spent in bringing together such a mass of legal principles has evidently been faithful and very great. The arrangement of such a work is necessarily original, and there are no other treatises with which this book will not compare most favorably.

But the author has done more than merely furnishing a good outline of his subject. He has written a thoughtful and complete treatise, clothing the legal skeleton with flesh and blood, and developing the principles of the case so as to show their practical results. His suggestions are always worthy of attention. They are evidently not taken at second hand; and the process by which he has been drawn to his various conclusions can be readily deduced from his copious annotations, which exhibit great research and a thorough digestion and assimilation of his material.

The perusal of such a work will disabuse many persons of the idea—unfortunately too prevalent—that constitutions are of no great practical importance. Moreover, apart from its value as a carefully-prepared digest of legal propositions, this work should be valued for its presentation of the state in its completeness, in such a manner as to enable courts and lawyers as well as the laity to perceive the offices of each rule and of every department in their separate and combined working; and as showing that, instead of a chaotic and uncertain plan, we have a beautiful and symmetrical body, where each member rejoices and suffers with the rest. And it will enable those who have not before considered the matter to derive new pride from the proof it furnishes that no other government is so orderly as a free, constitutional state.

*A TREATISE ON THE CONSTITUTIONAL LIMITATIONS WHICH REST UPON THE LEGISLATIVE POWER OF THE STATES OF THE AMERICAN UNION. By THOMAS M. COOLEY, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of Michigan and Jay Professor of Law in the University of Michigan. 8vo, pp. 730. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

—*Silver Threads*, by Harriet B. McKeever, author of "Edith's Ministry," (Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia), is the remarkable history of a preternaturally good girl, who is washed ashore from a wreck, and adopted by some plain fisher-folk, and who, of course, proves eventually to be the daughter of a rich Englishman. Wearisome and repetitious allusions are made to the "silver threads" with which the little prodigy fills up the warp of life, and from which the book derives its somewhat fanciful name. We learn, moreover, that English peasantry "guess" and "reckon," that they think one lady "a heap prettier" than another, and rejoice over a "right smart basket of babyclothes," in precisely the same phraseology as would their Cousin Jonathan's family in Illinois. As a religious story, it is strictly orthodox. *Golden Links; or, Thoughts for the Home*, from the same publishers, adds one more to the long list of beautiful little books intended as aids to reflection or private devotion. These "Golden Links" are thoughts, in prose or verse, for each of the twelve hours throughout the thirty-one days of a month, and are selected with considerable taste from various sources. A little more care and research on the part of the compiler would have given the authorship of such familiar verses as Bishop Doane's "Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life," or C. Wesley's "O Thou, to whose all-searching sight"—both of which are to be found on the same page, and both, we believe, incorrectly quoted. It must have been a blunder of the proof-reader which transposed a well-known line thus: "Nearer to thee, my God"; and stanzas from "pious Herbert" should not go begging for recognition. Still, these are only trivial blemishes, which can be easily remedied. There are many good Christians who think and pray by rule; and many who delight in handsomely-bound scrap-books, filled with pious sentiments and choice bits of hymns. To all such we commend this little volume unhesitatingly.

—Messrs. Roberts, of Boston, have just published two handsome volumes, for which readers of taste will thank them: one a selection from the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; the other a selection (translated) from the letters of Madame de Sévigné. In the correspondence of these two celebrated women we have, beyond all doubt, the finest specimens of woman's hand as a letter-writer. Lady Mary was a little inclined to disparage Madame de Sévigné; spoke of her letters as "tittle-tattle," and declared that in forty years her own would be quite as highly valued—which latter assertion has certainly proved to be true. But Madame de Sévigné's was not tittle-tattle. She had a softer, sweeter heart, a more tender, loving, womanly, motherly nature than Lady Mary; her style is finer, more graceful, more *spirituelle*, more attractive. If her literary judgments were sometimes wrong—if she failed to appreciate Racine, for instance—it must be remembered that Lady Mary professed the utmost contempt for Richardson, and was very cool even as to the merits of Fielding. In vigorous common-sense, in clear, masculine judgment, and in breadth of humor, Lady Mary was the superior; in most other qualities of a brilliant letter-writer she was the inferior. From these volumes the reader can judge for himself or herself—only bearing in mind that the exquisite, airy grace of Madame de Sévigné's style necessarily evaporates to a great extent in a translation; whereas we have Lady Mary in her own language. Both volumes are edited by Mrs. Hale; and, while no selection can ever quite satisfy, we think in these selections there is good taste and judgment shown.

—*Graffiti d'Italia* is the title of Mr. W. W. Story's new volume of poems, published by Scribner & Co. Many of these poems have already appeared in magazines; but this is the first time they have been collected into a volume. "Ginevra da Siena," the opening poem, and by far the longest in the book, is painful and morbid in tone, and harps upon a string which has sounded far too often of late—the string which was touched so powerfully when Dante told the tale of Francesca of Rimini. Mr. Story's poem, too, appears by unlucky chance just at the time when people are reading Browning's "The Ring and the Book", and there is quite enough of similarity in the subjects to suggest a comparison which must be unfavorable to Mr. Story. May we suggest to all our living poets that the young and passionate wife, burning for love which her cold, stern husband does not give her, but which a congenial nature at last offers, is a character pretty well played out in literature now? "Giannone" seems to us the most original and brilliant of the longer poems. Many of the shorter ones are sweet, touching, and melodious; but they lack fire. They resemble in many respects some of the productions of the German minor poets of the last generation, colored a little with Browning and sweetened with Tennyson. Reading over this volume, we are always pleased, sometimes charmed; but our hopes of Mr. Story's future as a poet are not strengthened.

—*The Old World* (Lippincott) is an account of a tour through Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor, by Dr. Jacob R. Freese, U. S. Commissioner to the Paris Exhibition of 1867. The book goes over ground which scores of travelers have recently described, and Dr. Freese has nothing particularly new to say. The only thing approaching to novelty in the book is the frequency with which Dr. Freese tells us that he flogged his dragoman or some one of his native servants, and the zest with which he recommends all other American tourists to do the like. He earnestly urges the use of "a good cane or cowhide whip"; because "you may flog, but not kill, your servants or the natives with impunity." What a pity one cannot kill them! It would add so much to the pleasure of traveling in the East! But these "infidel, insolent Moslems," as Dr. Freese calls them, are impertinent enough to object to an American traveler killing them. So, according to Dr. Freese, his only consolation is to flog. What a noble opinion of our country travelers like Dr. Freese must leave behind them!

—From the National Temperance Society (New York) we receive *Out of the Fire*, by Mary Dwinell Chillis, author of "Deacon Sim's Prayers," etc.; and *Gertie's Sacrifice*, by Mrs. Frances D. Gage. There have been many anti-slavery novels written, but there was but one "Uncle Tom." We believe the temperance story *par excellence* is yet to be written, though the National Temperance Society is calling upon the most talented of that corps of writers whose name is Legion, and who supply our Sunday-schools with their present light literature. In the two books before us, neither of the writers has done herself or her subject justice; though, of the two, the former is much more true to Nature than the latter. The plot of *Gertie's Sacrifice* is improbable, and the characters are caricatures; and, without the closing explanatory sentence, the title of the book seems wholly wanting in significance. In *Out of the Fire* there is much homely New England experience, and one rugged New England character, apparently drawn from life.

—Messrs. T. & T. Clark, of Edinburgh, have issued two more volumes of the Anti-Nicene Christian Library. Some months ago we had the pleasure of noticing the translation of the "*Philosophumena*" of Hippolytus, the most patristic treasure lately discovered. The remaining works of Hippolytus, with the remainder of Irenæus, fill up one stout volume; while Origen's "*De Principiis*," and "*Contra Celsum*," occupy another volume. The former treatise is one of the most remarkable writings of the Old Fathers. It shows the beginnings of old controversies that are yet eliciting discussion. Not many better treatises on the subject have been written than his chapter on Free Will, fortunately preserved entire in the Greek. Here also is the germ, as a Christian doctrine, of Dr. Edward Beecher's theory of the pre-existent state and of the faith of the Restorationists. The Reply to Celsus has its modern counterparts in the many answers to Strauss and Renan.

—*The Swamp Doctor's Adventures in the Southwest*, and *Major Jones's Scenes in Georgia*, are two volumes of "American humor," published by Peterson Brothers, of Philadelphia. They are collections of sketches and stories of Southwestern and Southern adventures and humor, and with illustrations more numerous than artistic. The "humor" is generally rough and broad, rarely calling for serious criticism. One fact quite worthy of notice is that the author of one of the sketches in *Major Jones's Adventures* has either been audaciously plundered by Mr. Sala or has boldly annexed one of Mr. Sala's stories. "The Blacksmith of the Mountain Pass" is, except for difference of style, absolutely identical with Sala's "Colonel Quagg's Conversion," which in England is regarded as the very best thing Sala ever did. How is this? Which is the original?

—*The Conscript*, a story of the French War of 1813, (Charles Scribner & Co., New York), is another of the Erckmann-Chatrian novels, translated from the twentieth Paris edition, and by no means spoiled in the translation. The conscript's story is capitally told in both French and English, and the vanity of military glory is exposed in a manner similar to that adopted in those of the early "Biglow Papers" which have reference to the Mexican War; though in this sad French picture the shades are too somber to admit of Lowell's mirthful high lights. We would gladly keep this book on our shelves to lend to our young schoolboy friends whom the late civil conflict has fired with warlike ardor, and who can only see the First Napoleon as he appears in the pages of Abbott's history.

—*The Military and Civil History of Connecticut during the Recent War* (Ledyard Bill, New York) is by John M. Morris, chaplain of the Eighth Connecticut Volunteers, and W. A. Croffut, who acted for a time as correspondent of the *New York Tribune* during the war. We have already more than once expressed our appreciation of the general utility of such histories as this; and we need only say for this chronicle of the services of the soldiers of Connecticut that it seems a very full and faithful record, and that it is much more than a mere record, for its style is animated and vivid, and many of its chapters have a high literary value as specimens of picturesque description and clear, coherent narrative.

—*An Introduction to the Study of English Literature*, by Henry N. Day, (Scribner & Co.), is a very useful book, inasmuch as the plan on which it is arranged impels and enables the student to follow out and master the growth of the English language itself, rather than merely its literary history. Mr. Day begins by making his reader acquainted with Chaucer in the language Chaucer himself wrote—no modernizing of spelling or phrase; then takes him on to Spencer and Shakespeare—still the genuine old text; and so through Pope and Addison, down to Tennyson and Longfellow. The plan is a good one, and it is well carried out.

—The American edition of *Smith's Dictionary of the Bible* (Hurd & Houghton, New York) has reached its fifteenth number, extending to "Lord's Day." There is less than usual from the American editor, though what there is is a valuable addition. We especially notice that the *Lily* of which Christ speaks is referred, with greater probability, to *Gladiolus Illyricus* than to any other plant. It has the three requisites of being a liliaceous plant, of having a stem large enough to be gathered out from the wheat and thrown into the oven, and of being of such a rich purple color as suggests royal clothing.

—The *American Year Book*, published by O. D. Case & Co., Hartford, Conn., is a very valuable repertory of information on almost all subjects of interest connected with the public institutions and the political, commercial, and industrial condition of the United States and foreign countries. It tells all about the population and trade, government and laws, of nearly every civilized state in the world; and the whole is so concise and clear that the reader has not the slightest difficulty in finding, understanding, or remembering anything he wants to know. We can cordially recommend the book.

—Part V. of the *Guide to the Study of Insects*, by A. S. Packard, Jr., Salem, Mass., has come to hand. It concludes the butterflies, and contains a description of many of the moths. Now that our boys are beginning to feel ashamed of their late silly rage for postage-stamps, and are more and more of them beginning collections of natural history, we can hardly imagine a more desirable work than this will make. Its paper, type, and illustrations are all worthy of the flying blossoms which it describes.

—*The United States and Turkey* is a pamphlet printed at Washington, and of which the main subject is the quarrel between Turkey and Greece. The writer is a thorough-going Philo-Turk. He thinks Greece all in the wrong, Turkey all in the right; Crete has everything she wants, and would be as happy as a sandboy, if only Greece would leave her to bask in the sunshine of Turkish domination. Greece has no title to Crete, or claim on her—and so forth, and so forth. A reader must be soft and simple indeed who is influenced by this sort of thing.

—*What I Know about Ben Eccles* (Lippincott) is a sort of moral romance, supposed to have been written and bequeathed by Abraham Page, deceased. It is a heavy book, although not long. The thoughts and the moralizing are commonplace, the characters are thin and bloodless, the story is uninteresting.

—*Red-Court Farm* (Peterson, Philadelphia,) is an American edition of one of Mrs. Henry Wood's Novels—the latest, we believe, of the long succession. We are not among the admirers of Mrs. Henry Wood's style of fiction.

—*Outlines of Composition*, by E. T. Zander and T. E. Howard, A.M., (Robert S. Davis, Boston), and the *New German Course* (third edition), by Gabriel Campbell, M.A., (Woolworth & Co., Boston), are useful school-books.

—*Harper's Monthly* is always remarkable for its animated and brilliant descriptions of out-of-the way places of the earth. The February number has two characteristic and excellent specimens of this style of article, now so popular. One is "A Sleigh-ride through Eastern Russia"; the other, "Zanzibar," a paper written by a lady. Both are profusely and vividly illustrated, and both are vivacious and entertaining in style. "The Executive Departments and Seals" is an interesting account of the origin and early use of the official seals employed in the several offices of the Government. "Spent and Misspent" is a beautiful and touching little poem by Alice Cary, instinct with sweetness and sadness. Fiction occupies a considerable space in this number. Besides the second installment of the new novel, "My Enemy's Daughter," there are two or three short stories which are well worth reading. Mr. J. W. de Forest contributes some further illustrations of the ways and manners of "chivalrous and semi-chivalrous Southerners." "Isabella, Ex-Queen of Spain," is "shown up" not unfairly in a short and spirited article. The Easy Chair is always one of the special attractions of *Harper's*, and this time it does not lack its usual charms; but we do not think the Easy Chair makes out as good a case as might be made for the copying of pictures as an honorable branch of art. The Editor's Book Table and the Editor's Drawer are portions of the magazine which we fancy no reader of *Harper* ever passes over. The book notices are very well done—at once concise and expressive, if we may be allowed to employ the latter word as representing a style of criticism which says and suggests a good deal in a few phrases.

—*The Probe* is the title of a new quarterly periodical, intended to discuss the use of stimulants and narcotics, and the social evils resulting therefrom. It gives in No. 1 some space to men who are themselves victims of the intoxication from alchohol and opium—"Meditations of a Recluse," etc.; and considers the whole subject from a different standpoint than that occupied by technical temperance men, though identified with the real cause of temperance. *The Probe* is an octavo of 32 pages, edited by Dr. Joseph Parrish, and issued quarterly, from "The Sanitarium," Media, Pa.

—*The New Eclectic Magazine*, published in Baltimore, is a well-printed periodical, which is made up, as its name suggests, on the principal of adopting and utilizing all the good things it can find anywhere. Thus the contents of the February number are made up chiefly of Anthony Trollope's *Phineas Finn*, Mrs. Craik's *Woman's Kingdom*, and various extracts from the *Saturday Review*, the *Spectator*, and other English publications. Decidedly, the *New Eclectic* makes pleasant reading. We don't see how, on such a system, it could well do otherwise.

—*Dolores*, by Benjamin Robinson, (Hale & Sons, New York), is a mere piece of extravagance, thrown into the form of a novel. We see hardly any merit or even promise in it.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

For all Boys from Eight Years Old to Eighty.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
New York,
PUBLISH THIS DAY

CAST UP BY THE SEA;
Or,
The Adventures of Ned Grey.

BY
SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER, M.A., F.R.G.S.,
Author of "The Albert N'Yanza Great Basin of the Nile," "The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia," etc.

WITH TEN ILLUSTRATIONS BY HUARD.

12MO, CLOTH, 75 CENTS.

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Full of incident, and the story is admirably sustained.—*Times.*

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FOR 1869

has already won the heartiest expressions of delight from its many thousands of readers, and the press has commended in the strongest terms the wide variety, the attractive character, and the great practical excellence of the contents of the Magazine. The leading Serial Story of the year is THE STORY OF A BAD BOY, by T. B. ALDRICH; and, although only two installments of it have yet appeared, it has already taken captive the hearts of all its youthful readers. The evident *genuineness* of the story, its natural and skilful delineation of boy-character and adventures, and its thoroughly *healthy* tone, distinguish it as one of the best as it bids fair to be one of the most popular stories ever written for Boys and Girls.

As an illustration of its general style and attractiveness, we copy from the March number a sketch which cannot fail of interesting every young reader, and which will, perhaps, among older readers serve to recall vividly to mind similar experiences as connected with their own boyhood days. It is

TOM BAILEY'S FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

"On reaching the school-house door, the Captain inquired for Mr. Grimshaw. The boy who answered our knock ushered us into a side-room, and in a few minutes—during which my eye took in forty-two caps hung on forty-two wooden pegs—Mr. Grimshaw made his appearance. He was a slender man, with white, frazile hands, and eyes that glanced half a dozen different ways at once—a habit probably acquired from watching the boys.

"After a brief consultation, my grandfather patted me on the head, and left me in charge of this gentleman, who seated himself in front of me and proceeded to sound the depth or, more properly speaking, the shallowness of my attainments. I suspect my historical information rather startled him. I recollect I gave him to understand that Richard III. was the last king of England.

"This ordeal over, Mr. Grimshaw rose and bade me follow him. A door opened, and I stood in the blaze of forty-two pairs of upturned eyes. I was a cool hand for my age; but I lacked the boldness to face this battery without winching. In a sort of dazed way I stumbled after Mr. Grimshaw down a narrow aisle between two rows of desks, and shyly took the seat pointed out to me.

"The faint buzz that had floated over the schoolroom at our entrance died away, and the interrupted lessons were resumed. By degrees I recovered my coolness, and ventured to look around me. The owners of the forty-two caps were seated at small green desks like the one assigned to me. The desks were arranged in six rows, with spaces between just wide enough to prevent the boys whispering. A blackboard, set into the wall, extended clear across the end of the room; on a raised platform near the door stood the master's table; and directly in front of this was a recitation-bench, capable of seating fifteen or twenty pupils. A pair of globes, tattooed with dragons and winged horses, occupied a shelf between two windows, which were so high from the floor that nothing but a giraffe could have looked out of them.

"Having possessed myself of these details, I scrutinized my new acquaintances with unconcealed curiosity, instinctively selecting my friends and picking out my enemies; and in only two cases did I mistake my man.

"A sallow boy with bright red hair, sitting in the fourth row, shook his fist at me furtively several times during the morning. I had a presentiment I should have trouble with that boy some day—a presentiment subsequently realized.

"On my left was a chubby little fellow, with a great many freckles (this was Pepper Whitcomb), who made some mysterious motions to me. I didn't understand them; but, as they were clearly of a pacific nature, I winked my eye at him. This appeared to be satisfactory, for he then went on with his studies. At recess he gave me the core of his apple, though there were several applicants for it.

"Presently a boy in a loose olive-green jacket, with two rows of brass buttons, held up a folded paper behind his slate, intimating that it was intended for me. The paper was passed skilfully from desk to desk until it reached my hands. On opening the scrap, I found that it contained a small piece of molasses candy, in an extremely humid state. This was certainly kind. I nodded my acknowledgments and hastily slipped the delicacy into my mouth. In a second I felt my tongue grow red-hot with cayenne pepper. My face must have assumed a comical expression; for the boy in olive-green jacket gave an hysterical laugh, for which he was instantly punished by Mr. Grimshaw. I swallowed the fiery candy, though it brought the water to my eyes, and managed to look so unconcerned that I was the only pupil in the form who escaped questioning as to the cause of Marden's misdemeanor. C. Marden was his name.

"At recess several of the scholars came to my desk and shook hands with me, Mr. Grimshaw having previously introduced me to Phil Adams, charging him to see that I got into no trouble. My new acquaintances suggested that we should adjourn to the playground. We were no sooner out of doors than the boy with the red hair thrust his way through the crowd and placed himself at my side.

"'I say, youngster, if you're comin' to this school, you've got to toe the mark.'

"'I didn't see any mark to toe, and didn't understand what he meant; but I replied politely that, if it was the custom of the school, I should be happy to toe the mark, if he would point it out to me.

"'I don't want any of your sarse,' said the boy, scowling.

"'Look here, Conway,' cried a clear voice from the other side of the playground, "you let young Bailey alone. He's a stranger here, and might be afraid of you, and thrash you. Why do you always throw yourself in the way of getting thrashed?'

"I turned to the speaker, who by this time had reached the spot where we stood. Conway slunk off, favoring me with a parting scowl of defiance. I gave my hand to the boy who had befriended me—his name was Jack Harris—and thanked him for his good-will.

"'I tell you what it is, Bailey,' he said, returning m pressure good-naturedly, 'you'll have to fight Conway before the quarter ends, or you'll have no rest. That fellow is always hankering after a licking; and, of course, you'll give him one by-and-by. But what's the use of hurrying up an unpleasant job? Let's have some base-ball. By the way, Bailey, you were a good kid not to let on to Grimshaw about that candy. Charley Marden would have caught it twice as heavy. He's sorry he played the joke on you, and told me to tell you so. Hallo' Blake! where are the bats?'

"This was addressed to a handsome, frank-looking lad, of about my own age, who was engaged just then in cutting his initials on the bark of a tree near the school-house. Blake shut up his penknife and went off to get the bats.

"During the game which ensued I made the acquaintance of Charley Marden, Binny Wallace, Pepper Whitcomb, Harry Blake, and Fred. Langdon. These boys, none of them more than a year or two older than I (Binny Wallace was younger), were ever after my chosen comrades. Phil. Adams and Jack Harris were considerably our seniors; and, though they always treated us "kids" very kindly, they generally went with another set. Of course, before long, I knew all the Temple boys more or less intimately; but the five I have named were my constant companions.

"My first day at the Temple Grammar School was on the whole satisfactory. I had made several friends, and only two permanent enemies—Conway, and his echo, Seth Rodgers; for these two always went together like a deranged stomach and a headache."

The story by T. B. Aldrich will be a "juvenile" of the right kind, divested of the cant which pervades most of the stories that are written for boys. His hero is no impossible creation, but is a real live boy, with warm blood in his veins.—*Boston Gazette.*

This story delineates a live Yankee boy, so full of fun, frolic, genius, wit, humor, and all other live Yankee traits, that he can hardly contain himself, and is, therefore, into all sorts of "scrapes," perils, and adventures, by which, without intending to be so, he acquires the reputation of a "bad boy," but through all his fun and mischief comes out all right in the end.—*Iowa City Republican.*

A

Farm and Garden.

CITY FLOWER-GARDENING.

A HUMOROUS EXPERIENCE.

It is one thing to love flowers, but quite another to know how to grow them. And again, even if you do know, frequently the fates are against you, and flowers can neither be coaxed or driven.

I found this out to my cost years ago, when a beginner in horticultural experience. Coming from the country, and taking up my residence in the city for collegiate duties, I was supposed to know all that was necessary for the cultivation of any ordinary plant that grew in the soil, and was looked up to by the girls of the house as ready to solve any question on vegetables, plants, or fruits.

We had a beautiful back-yard, with a glossy green lawn, the pride of the block, also the neatest grape-arbor and the best grapes. We came in the fall; and vegetation, of course, died as winter came on. During all that first dreary winter our hearts ached to see again some signs of blessed verdure and lovely flowers; and the scanty comfort that came from a solitary hanging basket in one window and a huge geranium in another, with canaries all around, could scarcely suffice our longing ambition.

Spring came at last. How anxiously we scanned the catalogues of the nurserymen and flower-dealers. One of us had Vick's in hand, whose brilliant pictures tempted our admiring glances; another had Hovey's, and was astounded at the extent of floral lore it contained; and another had a pile full, a general collection from all available sources.

To see us at our work and hear our gossip, you would have thought we possessed a large suburban place, and were about to decorate a flower-bed of several hundred feet in length and diameter, whereas our only hopes were confined to a little series of beds, each 2 ft. wide and 20 to 30 ft. long.

E—— concentrated all her strength on one precious *Dahlia Toe*, as she called it; and she consigned it to the friendly embrace of a tub full of dirt, standing in the open yard. Carefully planted, it was still more carefully watched. Philosophers tell us often of the mystery of *living*; but that was not a circumstance to E——'s curiosity to understand the *mystery of growing*.

Every morning, rain or shine, she would come down stairs, go to that endeared spot, push away the earth, to see how much it had grown in her absence. In the afternoon, when in-door work was tiresome, it was a pleasant relief to run down stairs and take a look at the Dahlia Toe.

How gently it was sprinkled with the watering shower from a water-pot no *man* can tell, and only a woman can appreciate.

Constantly did she visit that little charge, and at the end of a month it had grown an inch or two. Oh! how luxuriant were her anticipations.

The morning salutations from the other members of the family were hurried over to ask the all-important question, "Well, E——, how is the *Dahlia Toe*?"

She patiently bore our chidings and fun, until three months had passed. The roots, notwithstanding the frequent exposure to curious eyes, had taken hold, and the head was branching up in miniature loftiness. The prospect was charming; sufficient, one morning, E——'s eyes, as she descended the steps to look at her favorite, met a cunning sight.

It was hard enough at night to lie awake and listen to the dulcet notes of a chorus of *cats-cradle* on the fence-corners; but to think that those adventurous, peripatetic feline creatures should dare to encamp in that particular bed, and with murderous claws dig up the sacred earth and pull down that lovely tree, was too much for lone ambition.

The *Dahlia Toe* met its fate from the *paws* of the nightly yet ungallant serenaders.

To this day that *Dahlia Toe* is a pleasant episode of history.

Another of us, who had received a native grape from a country cousin, put it beside the fence in a choice position, and gave it the honored name of Lincoln. To say that *that* was visited three times a day is no exaggeration; and, if vines were subject to parkwise attentions, how gentle ones should have been the return. But alas! even as republics are often ungrateful, how natural that the lowly vine should sometimes forget to reward its benefactor. But years the vine lived, and all threw out two sprouting arms a few feet long, but as hope was pluming its wings in the imagination of a delicious taste of the first fruits in our labor, there came a plague of worms and our during acquaintance ended.

"Peace be with them," said one, "I'll teach them not to come here again." And with red-hot poker, all day, for two days, she waged ceaseless warfare, until victory crowned his effort—our garden was cleared: one vine was lost, but the rest were safe.

It was a *pear-tree*, which grew on one of that beautiful grass-plat, which, reaching its smooth, glistening shoots upward, and bearing in its luxuriance the evidence of health, fragments beat high with the expectation of fruit next year.

One morning, on our round of inspection, the leaves seemed curly, and even dull and diseased. Looking closely at it, we perceived an innumerable army of lice traveling steadily up the trunk and branches and selecting into nests and on the leaves and fruit.

"Ha! ha!" said one; "now we'll have our *Concord*!"

Having somewhere read that kerosene oil was sure death to all insects, it was quickly called for, and the limbs and trunk bathed therewith. Our hopes were encouraged: the remedy did what was promised, *and more*. It killed the insects—and the *tree also*.

We have let pear-trees alone since then.

I, too, tried my hand. Believing that under my fostering care everything must thrive, I ordered, with conscious dignity, a dozen strawberry plants, three blackberry, some gladiolus, tuberosa, and a choice assortment of flowers.

I even overran my boundaries and dug up a part of my grass-plot, to satisfy my needs. How beautifully and regularly my rows ran! Here and there were little tags put down to tell the uninitiated what was there, and to save the trouble of repeating the unpronounceable names.

I invested my "*pile*" freely. Grapevines of new varieties were planted here and there, and roses followed in quick order.

Street-dirt was brought in to make the ground rich, and, at last, when planting was done, I looked over my domain with a feeling akin to pride and dignity, saying: "There, now, something *shall* grow, or I will not try again. I will not spend $10 without getting some benefit."

The sequel shows that I was wise above what was written.

The blackberries were planted in the very richest spot, and the soil duly cultivated; also the currants in another corner. And every morning and evening, with garden-hoe and trowel, I steadily did my duty in caressing Mother Earth and coaxing her children to grow; but in vain.

The currants withered. The blackberries grew one foot high, little stunted things, pigmies in comparison with their ancestors; to this day they remain monuments of a *heavy* fall from grace. The *tigridia* threw out one long, long stalk, and then until blooming time; and it was *cut-and-in*." The tuberose was spoiled by an unlucky step in the dark from the foot of one who said he "*could not help it*." The roses were determined not to grow, because they had already sprouted before being transplanted; and Nature could not make a second effort. The grape-vines died, not because they were neglected, but I suppose because they were tired of so much fuss and "*wanted to*."

But the little lawn flower-plat was the scene of choicest interest and most heroic efforts. There I had sown my *dianthus chinensis heddewigii*; there I had put the *antirrhinum papillionaceum*."

There were a dozen different asters, with unpronounceable names and mighty small bodies; the calliopsis, cardaminifolia hybrida atrozanguinia, the cauna warczewiczii, marigolds, pansies, phlox drummondii, poppies, portulaccas, stocks, and a dozen different ornamental grasses.

It took about a month for them to get above ground, and another month to get four inches high; here they stopped.

I cannot tell you sufficiently how delighted the cats were to get into that bed of ornamental grasses and roll over and over or play "tag"; neither all my precautions to Bridget, as she hung out the clothes-line, to be careful and not tread on that little paradise, and pestered her so that little maiden until she expressed the wish, with some show of independence, that those "*Cardammy wiggics*" were in any other yard but her's; nor how, finally, by an unlucky fall of the clothes-line, laden with clothes, all that was dear in that little strip was laid flat.

I never planted that slip again; but my successor, the next spring, tried some peas, and got a veritable bowlful, and that was all. He followed with turnips; and the most active imagination, assisted by a large telescope, never could get them within seeing distance above ground.

I have yielded long ago the reins of government of that kingdom to the lady members of the family. They *can* coax the *double zinnia*, and the *lady-slipper*; they *do* make some running myrtle to grow in an obscure corner, 2 feet square; they *have* got one climbing rose that *does* bloom with a fair display; but dearer than all is a little square corner, 3 feet by 8, just near the kitchen steps, which we sow in early spring with bird-seed, which grows with such luxuriance as to form a greeny copse as cunning as a little forest and as high as your head. In winter time, in the midst of the driving snow-storm, the sweet little snow-birds flock there just before the window, pick up the seeds, and stay and chatter, and swing on the tender branches of the dead shrubs.

We have made up our minds that *that* particular back-yard has got a nature of itself, hard to understand; and that, in general, city gardening on the north side of a house, where the sun shines only half the day, is not a felicitous occupation.

Right over the other side of our fence there is the loveliest garden imaginable, always full of flowers. The sun shines all day. The people, though poorer than the sidewalk-farmers on our side, yet seem to have the most enjoyment, and get abundant pleasure with little pains. But we—oh! how miserable in our envy.

We have not given up the siege. We are going to try ferns, and hope to make a small wilderness, equally as pleasant as the flower-garden.

City gardening is very fair in its way, to think about or talk about; but very few have the taste for it, few who have the taste know how to do it, and more than half the gardens of the city are so situated as to afford no opportunity for such gratification.

If half the time, vexation, and money spent on *such unfavorable situations* could be spent on window-plants, wardian cases, or aquaria, I believe that a greater pleasure would accrue, and with more uniform success.

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STATEMENT OF THE
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for the Fiscal Year, ending 31st Dec., 1868.

Cash Capital paid in by Stockholders, - - - $1,000,000
Surplus Represented by Scrip, 1,005,670

Premiums on outstanding risks December 31, 1867.....$441,122 64
Premiums from January 1, 1868, to December 31, 1867.....2,137,353 34
Total Marine Premiums.....$2,578,474 98

Premiums marked off during the year.....$2,159,800 63
Interest received.....61,275 08 $2,221,165 71
Losses paid less salvages.....802,923 29
Return premiums and reinsurance.....689,039 00
Expenses, taxes, and commission.....167,355 74 1,658,818 03
$562,347 68

Earnings of the year.....
Appropriated as follows:
January and July interest dividend on stock.....70,000 00
Cash discount to policy holders in lieu of scrip.....241,485 06
Reserve for estimated bad and doubtful debts.....183,986 97 495,472 03
$66,875 62

THE COMPANY HAS THE FOLLOWING ASSETS:

Cash in bank and with Engl. fish bankers.....$200,581 93
Loans on demand.....472,700 00
Real estate and loans on bond and mortgage.....88,100 58
United States bonds, bank and other stocks.....288,287 59
Sundry scrip held by Company.....24,487 50
Premium and maturing claims.....
Bills receivable and accounts due the company.....1,258,021 26
$2,400,700 99

CONDENSED FISCAL STATEMENT OF THE COMPANY FOR THIRTEEN YEARS, FROM ITS ORGANIZATION TO JANUARY, 1869:

| | | |

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Financial & Commercial.

LEGAL-TENDER ACT.

BY GERRIT SMITH.

THE editorial on "The Legal-tender Act," in a late number of THE INDEPENDENT, is very good.

This act came into being as a war measure; and, therefore, the Supreme Court is not to complain of it. Every nation has the right to declare war when it pleases, and to carry it on as it pleases; and this, too, though its written constitution may not assert the right, or may even deny it. In such a life-and-death matter no paper is to be allowed to tie up her hands. No interpretation that a half-dozen ermined gentlemen may put upon the paper—no interpretation that even the whole world may put upon it—is to be allowed to cripple, or in the least degree to embarrass, her efforts in the perils of war. All talk of the unconstitutionality of war laws is absurd. War must of necessity make its own laws; even though all other laws should forbid its doing so, and even though they should differ ever so widely in character from its laws. I scarcely need add that, although I go back of the Constitution for our nation's authority to declare and carry on war, the Constitution yields entire discretion to her in this matter—entire discretion to the nation through Congress. Congress is to say what war measures the people can bear, and how long they must bear them. Congress is, at its own pleasure, to adopt, modify, or repeal them. So, too, the Supreme Court is not to interfere with the "Reconstruction Acts." To say nothing of other reasons why it should not, they also are a war measure, for they set forth the terms on which the seceded states may complete their surrender to us and their return to us.

I can hardly believe that the Supreme Court will attempt to deprive the country of the indispensable benefit of a further continuance of the "Legal-tender Act." Congress could do it; but will not, because it is aware of the immeasurable and appalling injury that would come of it. Great loss, and in innumerable instances ruinous loss, would befall those whose indebtedness is all the larger by reason of the inflated prices consequent upon the "Legal-tender Act." By the way, how unjust, how cruel to let this act, which was passed to save our country, be needlessly allowed to become the occasion of ruin to tens of thousands of her families! The acts making money plenty afforded a great temptation to run in debt. Is it fair to punish those who yielded to it by jerking them up to a sudden and ruinous reckoning-day?

A gradual return to specie payments—a gradual redemption in coin of both legal-tender and bank-notes—is the compromise which should take place between the creditor and debtor classes. The redemption would perhaps be sufficiently gradual were it one-fourth in January, 1870; another in January, 1871; another in January, 1872; and the remaining fourth in January, 1873. Whether, at the time of each payment, a new note should be given for the balance, or the payment be stamped broadly and indelibly upon the old one, others can judge better than I can.

The next question is, "How shall the nation be supplied with the paper currency which is needed in addition to specie?" The answer is: By our excellent banking system. Let this system be extended indefinitely. Let no limit be set to the creation of new banks, and none to the issues of either new or old banks, other than is provided for in the existing restrictions and safeguards. In other words, let the volume of the currency be, as it always should be, self-regulating. In the matter of extending or contracting the currency, there is no room for the arbitrary hand or interference of the Government. Impartiality, if nothing else, would require that all the notes of both the new and old banks (including those notes which the old banks might be authorized to issue to supply the place of those they pay and destroy) be redeemable in the same manner.

Then, what as to the couple of thousand millions in bonds which our Government owes? Nothing necessarily in this connection. Though we may here say that we were paying our national debt fast enough down to the time when the infamous fraud of "repudiation" was suggested. We were on the way to paying the whole of it in some twenty or thirty years. Government was fast acquiring such a credit—such a reputation for both integrity and ability—as would enable it to borrow at four per cent., or even less. But the little favor shown to this suggested fraud sufficed to disgrace our nation, and to leave it, in spite of its matchless resources, unable to borrow on terms as favorable as those on which some of the smallest and weakest nations borrow. It is true that the triumph of honesty in the last election has done much toward the recovery of our credit. But it will be years before the world's confidence in us will be restored, and capitalists cease to be shy of us.

We pass on to ask whether the Government will have money enough to meet all the calls that will come upon it in the next few years, if it undertakes to redeem in that time all the legal-tender notes? If it shall not, it can supply the lack by temporary loans. But it will have enough, if only it is, as we may now believe it will be, wisely, honestly, and economically administered. There will be no lack, if only proper taxes on whisky, tobacco, and incomes are collected. We could then dispense with all other revenue taxes, so many of which annoy the people more than they help the Treasury.

I spoke of proper taxes on incomes. The discrimination in the case of income taxes, instead of being dropped, should have been extended. As a general thing, they who in the late war fought for the salvation of our country were poor. Included in this salvation was the saving of the estates of our rich men. It would be an expression of justice and gratitude toward the poor, and at the same time not be at all oppressive to the rich, were our large estates made to pay, for a few years to come, a greater proportion than they now pay of the annual payment on our war-debt. Moreover, both the benevolence and patriotism of our rich men should make it a pleasure to them to pay ten per cent. on incomes exceeding ten thousand dollars and twenty per cent. on incomes exceeding twenty thousand dollars.

PETERSBORO, Jan. 15th, 1869.

SMYTHE *VS.* POLLARD.

SOME time ago, Henry A. Smythe, collector of the port of New York, appointed the notorious Edward A. Pollard, of Virginia, to a fat place in the custom-house. Mr. Smythe at the time was successfully playing the old political game of "facing both ways," hoping thereby to keep his place under Johnson, and also to hoodwink the Republican party, including General Grant, and make things "all right" for a "high position" after the fourth of March. He soon found out that in appointing Pollard to office in the custom-house he had caught a tartar. Smythe wanted to go to Russia as our *extraordinary* minister; and was afraid he could not be confirmed by the Senate if the facts were known about his official and "friendly connection" with Pollard. So he "winked his eye" at Pollard, and asked him to resign his office in the custom-house; and he consented to do so. Pollard says that Smythe was in raptures about his resignation, and said, "You see the game I shall make on these fellows"—meaning doubtless senators and others who did not want such an *extraordinary* man to "wink his eye" at *them*, in order to get their consent to his going as our *extraordinary* minister to Russia. Pollard says, also, that Smythe promised to continue his salary after his resignation; which he "generously" did for "four or five days," or up to the first of January. Pollard has written a letter to Smythe, telling him plainly that he has been "cheated." He desired to see him, and get another "wink of his eye," and the promise of continued custom-house pap; but, when he called, Smythe was "engaged," and hence the letter. Pollard wants that spicy letter made public; and says, "I will defy him [Smythe] to produce it." We advise Pollard to go direct to Andy Johnson, "wink his eye" at him, and ask for *justice;* and we advise Smythe to abandon politics, the custom-house, and the extraordinary mission to Russia, and look for business at the head of Salt River.

WHAT SHALL WE EXPORT?

MOST of the agitators for an enforced return to specie payments insist that it is necessary in order to prevent the shipment to Europe of our gold and silver and our national bonds. But no one has yet attempted to show, so far as we have seen, why these valuables should not be sent to Europe, if they bring a better price there than they do here; nor has any one attempted to explain in what manner we can prevent the exportation of anything—whether gold, or bonds, or wheat, or cotton—when it can be done to a profit. If foreign capitalists will pay more for our five-twenties than our own people are willing to pay, why, there is no help for us but to let them go to the other side. A good deal has been said about the want of confidence in our government by English and German investors, who will not pay the full value of our securities; but we cannot expect them to pay a higher price than we pay at home. It is not Frankfort nor London that regulates the price of our five-twenties and ten-fortics; but Wall Street. If our foreign creditors do not want our corn, wheat, cheese, pork, and cotton, let us be content to send them our gold and bonds, while they are willing to receive them. There is really nothing that we produce that we can more easily spare; and whenever we want them back we shall know where to find them.

LOCKING UP MONEY.

HON. DEMAS BARNES made a very able speech in Congress, last week, on the subject of our national finances. He talks like a sensible business man, on a subject familiar to him. While we do not agree with him on many points, we have nevertheless been both gratified and instructed in reading his views. The following in regard to locking up money and reducing the currency is worthy of general attention:

"The mere temporary locking up of only twelve millions of currency in New York for twenty days in November last sent a paralytic chill through out the length and breadth of the land. It caused a decline of four per cent. on Government bonds in two days; it stopped vessels from loading produce on the line of the lakes, reduced the price of wheat twenty-five cents a bushel, of cotton three cents per pound; it failed forty-five firms in a single Western city, almost annihilated credit, raised the rate of interest to one-quarter and a half per cent. a day, ninety to one hundred and eighty per cent. per annum in the City of New York; and would have broken several national banks, had not other institutions been able to help them. This, Mr. Speaker, is an example of what a forced reduction of the currency will produce. Yet this locking up was known to be but a stock-jobbing affair, and was devoid of fear or panic. It shows us how near the edge of a precipice we are treading."

COMMERCIAL ITEMS.

TURNER BROTHERS have sold their new marble block on Nassau, Pine, and Cedar streets to the Fourth National Bank and Continental Life Insurance Company (half to each) for one million and fifty thousand dollars. A good purchase and a good sale to two good and prosperous corporations.

—The National Bank of the Republic have moved back into their old quarters, corner of Broadway and Wall street; but scarcely a man in New York, on entering the premises, would know where he was. A more spacious and beautiful banking-room cannot be found in the country. Art, skill, good taste, and, what is not less important, good judgment have all been combined to produce what we call perfect accommodations for this prosperous institution. We know the history of this bank since its organization, 17 years ago; and, while we cannot endorse the political action of some of its former managers, we believe no similar corporation in the city has been managed more honorably, prudently, or successfully. During the period referred to it has paid more than 200 per cent. in dividends to its stockholders, and now has a surplus of over 40 per cent. Its present officers and directors are men of ability and sterling integrity, and just the *right kind* of men to have in charge the interests and trusts of such an institution.

MONEY MARKET.

THE growing conviction among business men that nothing will be done by the present Congress to modify the currency, or to inaugurate an era of specie payments, gives confidence in the future financial condition of the country and tends to draw out capital for the use of speculations. Loans have been readily effected at 6 to 7 per cent., the latter rate being paid in the majority of cases, and discounts are obtained with difficulty from our banks.

Business paper sells at rates varying from 7 to 9 per cent., and there is just sufficient doing to keep money actively employed without producing anything like a strengency. Toward the close of the week there was rather more activity in call loans; but borrowers had no great difficulty in obtaining their supplies on miscellaneous securities.

The bank statement was not unfavorable to borrowers, and was on all sides a healthy indication of ease in the money market for the next four weeks. The statement shows a decrease in specie to the ex tent of $1,079,475, of circulation $34,790, in deposits of $115,701, and an increase of legal-tender to the amount of $725,420. The decrease in gold is easily accounted for by the payments into the custom-house for duties, and by the shipments abroad, the effect of which did not appear in the last statement.

Gold has fluctuated between 136 and 136¾. It closed on Saturday at 136¼, the downward tendency having been occasioned by the non-shipments of specie during the week. The bulls in the Gold Room talk about the price going to 140 before the end of this month. But when bulls talk in this way sagacious bears think it a good time to sell short.

Government bonds have not been so actively dealt in as had been anticipated by many large speculators. But the holders of coupon bonds have been very anxious to convert them into registered bonds, for the sake of greater security in keeping them.

We learn from Washington that bonds were issued from the office of the Register of the Treasury, on Friday, for $640,000 each to the Union and the Central Pacific Railroad Companies. The full amount of bonds issued during the last month to the Pacific Railroad Companies amounted to $1,920,000.

The active speculative movement in the stock market received a check on Friday, and took a decidedly downward turn on Saturday. But for no other apparent cause than a disposition to realize their profits by the operators in some of the leading stocks. The Northwest stocks were slightly affected by the bill introduced into the legislature of Illinois for regulating and restricting the rates of passage; but the reaction was not alarming.

Rock Island fell off about 4 per cent., it having been sold down, as was generally thought, to induce some short sales.

New York Central was weak, under the influence of a feeling that Judge Ingraham's delay in giving a decision on the application of Mr. Jencks for an injunction was unfavorable to the interests of the stockholders. The shares declined to 163½. The decision of the Judge is looked for with feverish anxiety; and, if it should favor the dismissal of the injunction, there can be no question that it will have a very marked influence in sending up prices.

DRY GOODS.

THE transactions in domestic cottons for the past week have not been quite as active or extensive as during the two previous weeks, but we do not discover in this lull anything like a reaction. The excitement which was induced by the sudden rise in the price of the raw material, coupled with the small stocks in the hands of large jobbing-houses, both here and at the West, was a very natural movement, from which no disastrous results are likely to be experienced. The quiet of the past week was nothing more than what must have been expected, and what every intelligent dry-goods dealer must have been prepared for. There has certainly been no attempt to engineer a corner in domestic sheetings or prints, and all the operators have been particularly desirous of being long in shirtings. What the future may bring forth, as relates to prices, we will not venture to predict, for we cannot foresee what will happen to affect the value of the raw material; but there is nothing in the condition of affairs now which is at all unfavorable, and, as to the amount of the coming Spring business, we think it may be depended on to be large and active. Money is sufficiently abundant for all the purposes of trade, and no fears need now be entertained of any stringency arising out of the acts of the present Congress.

Prices are not quite so stiff for brown sheetings and shirtings; but there is no decided decline to report. Standard sheetings are steadily held by manufacturers' agents, though in some cases an extra discount of one per cent. has been conceded to the purchaser.

In bleached shirtings there has been a tolerably active demand from the shirt-makers for some of the better grades, but in other respects the demand is but moderate. Prices, however, are not materially changed.

There is an increasing demand for stripes and ticks, and the late advance of prices is well maintained for the better qualities.

Denims and cottonades have been more in request; and the light makes are in better demand, but without any advance of rates.

In gray printing-cloths there has been an unsettled feeling; and, the calico printers having a good supply on hand, there is not much disposition to make large purchases. Prices will not assume a firmer tone until a more decided market is established for cotton.

In prints there is less activity than had been looked for; but there has been a good business done in the leading styles, the stock of which in first hands is full and well assorted. Some of the new colorings introduced by the Merrimack Company are much sought after, on account of their novelty and beauty.

There is an increasing demand for printed percales; the styles introduced by the Pacific Company have met with great popularity.

In other descriptions of domestic cotton goods there is no change of importance which calls for comment. The market is well supplied and prices are firm.

In muslin de laines there is a moderate business doing; but it is yet early in the season for a display of Spring styles. The light effects are offered in very limited assortment by a few houses, and it will not be until the end of the present month before there will be much done in muslin de laines.

Cloths are in rather better demand, the large clothing-houses being in the market for their Spring business. The jobbers have commenced purchasing for the Spring trade; but they act with a good deal of prudence in making their selections.

Fancy cassimeres and satinets are subjected to the same influences that affect cloths; but prices are, perhaps, a shade higher, owing to the well-understood fact that the stocks on hand are comparatively light, and that no large purchases have yet been effected.

Kentucky jeans sell more freely, but prices remain without any marked change.

The large importations of foreign dry goods during the month of January, which have considerably exceeded the importations of the same month in 1868, have tended, as might be supposed would be the case, to prevent a rise of prices. They are regarded as indications of still heavier importations during the present month. But it does not by any means follow that an early commencement will be followed by a continued increase of imports; for it is so easy to countermand orders by telegraph that a dull market for foreign fabrics will be surely met by diminished imports. The larger part of the goods now arriving are muslins and light silks, adapted to the early Spring trade. The sales effected are chiefly for the city and near trade.

ATLANTIC INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE annual statement of this prosperous corporation appears in our advertising columns, and it should be read by every one of the thousands of our readers interested in marine insurance. The figures presented are startling; and must be highly satisfactory to its respected officers and directors, and also to the numerous friends and patrons of that popular institution. Its total cash receipts for premiums for 1868 were over nine millions of dollars. After paying all losses, it begins the new year with assets amounting to over thirteen and a half millions. A better-managed corporation does not exist on this continent.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

(A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.)

ASHES.—Pots have been in fair demand at full prices. Pearls remain dull and prices are nominal.

BREADSTUFFS—FLOUR AND MEAL.—The past week our market for Western and State Flour has been rather dull, and prices of the low and medium grades have declined. The bulk of our stock consists of brands not suited to the European trade; and their consumption at home, it appears to us, is far less than formerly, so that there is only a moderate reduction in our stock daily. The less favorable news from Europe and the advance in freights have contributed to heaviness, and the market closes with a downward tendency. California Flour is dull and depressed. Canadian Flour is inactive and nominal. Southern has been dull. Prices have declined and close heavy. Rye Flour has declined, but prices show a decline. Corn Meal has been more active, but at lower prices. In Wheat there has been more activity, especially Spring. The demand has been mainly for export. Prices early in the week advanced; but ere the close the demand abated, prices fell off and close heavy. Barley has been in moderate demand, but prices ruled steady under a moderate stock and a falling off in the receipts. Barley Malt has been in fair demand, and the market ruled steady, closing at former prices. Rye has been moderately active at full prices, closing dull. Oats early in the week were active and buoyant, but later the demand abated, prices fell off and the market closes very heavy. Corn has been in fair demand, especially new; and prices ruled firm, closing dull and lower.

BROOM CORN.—The inquiry is steady and the market unchanged. Sales of Red at 12@14 cts. and Green at 16@18 cts. per pound.

COAL.—The inquiry for Domestic continues light and the market is lower and unsettled; the further considerable decline at the last public sale has given buyers the advantage. Sales from Yard at $5 50@$8 per ton for small and large sizes. Foreign has been in limited request and prices tend downward.

COFFEE.—There has been a brisk demand for Brazil during the week under review, mostly from the trade, but in part of a speculative nature. Prices have further improved ¼@¾ ct. per lb. on all grades, and close very strong with holders offering moderately. The sales of Rio and Santos to the jobbing trade since January 1st aggregate about 100,000 bags; and, notwithstanding the pretty free arrivals, stocks are reduced. Java and the West India grades are neglected and nominally unchanged. We quote fair to good cargoes Rio, in bond, 9¼@11¼ cts.; invoices do., duty paid, 13@18 cts.; Java, 21@23¼ cts.; Maracaibo, 15@18 cts.; and Laguayra, 14½@17½ cts.—all gold.

COTTON.—The market has fluctuated considerably, and most of the sales have been made at a slightly lower range of figures than last week. The great bulk of the stock, however, both here and at the South, is under the control of speculators, who refuse to force the market, and are confident of an early revival of the demand from foreign spinners, whose supplies are running low, with but little cotton at home or afloat from which to restock, the exports from our whole seaboard being unusually light. Our domestic spinners have continued to be very fair operators; but speculators are more cautious at present rates, and fresh investments are not plenty. Receipts for the last week at all points, 85,000 bales. Stock in this city, 62,000 bales. For future delivery there has been some further settling of contracts at 28c@28½; and for Spot Middling Uplands the closes fairly active and firmer at 29¼ cts. for Middling Upland to 29¾@30 cts. for New Orleans and Texas.

FLAX.—A fair demand for Domestic, and the market is steady at 14@22 cts. per pound —the latter for choice North River.

GINSENG.—A moderate demand for this article, and prices are uncertain. Sales of Western at 88@95 cts. and Southern at 90@81 per pound.

GUANO.—The inquiry is brisk and the market is firm at $60 gold per cargo and $85 currency for small lots of Peruvian.

MOLASSES.—Foreign grades continue to meet with a fair share of activity, and though it would be difficult to obtain an advance, full former prices are current and the tone steady. Domestic is in better demand and prime grades higher. We quote distilling and refining Cuba at 33@40 cts.; Grocery do. 38@48 cts.; English Island, Porto Rico, etc., 45@60 cts.; and New Orleans, 65@83 cts.

NAVAL STORES.—Crude Turpentine is in small supply, and nominally higher in consequence. Spirits have advanced and have been in good demand, closing steady. Resins have been fairly active at full prices. Tar remains steady at full prices.

OIL CAKE.—The demand has been moderate and the market is heavy. Sales of City at $43@$44 gold and $37 currency for Western.

OILS.—In Crude Fish Oils there has been a fair demand, and the market ruled steady at a slight advance. English do. is dull, and prices are nominal. In Crude Fish Oils there has been but a moderate demand, but prices are firm at $1 25@$1 30 for Whale and $2 for Sperm. Lard Oil has advanced, and closes firm. Other Oils are in fair demand at full prices.

PROVISIONS.—In Hog products there has continued a very fair amount of life; but the business has been less of a consumptive and more of a speculative nature than last week. On many of the leading articles contracts were maturing, and the demand to cover ran prices up pretty high; and, though there was subsequently some reaction, the tendency has latterly been again in seller's favor. The stocks of desirable goods are small and well under control, with owners as a rule, very indifferent about operating. In view of the fact that the time is approaching when English shippers must make amends for their long delay, and purchase to some extent. How large the shipping demand will prove is, of course, a mere matter of surmise; though it is reasonable to expect a pretty large aggregate, owing to the short crops abroad and the small amounts that have thus far gone forward. New Mess Pork has met with a good demand, mainly to cover "short" contracts at fluctuating rates; though, in the main, at figures above those current at the date of our last. Old Mess has not been very active; but is in reduced supply, and held nearly equal to New. Prime Mess is fairly sought after, but the offerings are quiet and firm. The market closes active, excited, and higher at $31@31 25 for Old Mess, $31 75@$32 for New Mess, $27@$27 25 for Extra Prime, $29@29 25 for Western Prime Mess, and $29 75@$30 25 for City do. For future delivery the sales have been mostly at $31 on Mess for March, but the market closes higher at $32. Beef has sold mostly in jobbing lots to the trade, preserving, however, a strong uniform tone and closing at $12@$17 for Plain Mess, and $18@$19 for Extra Mess. Tierces Beef comparatively quiet but firm at $27@$30 for Prime Mess, and $31@$36 for India Mess. Beef Hams rather dull and somewhat unsettled at $30@$33 for Ordinary, and $34@$35 for Choice. Cut Meats have again sold freely and showing a further decided advance, closing firm with small offerings at 13¾@14¼ cts. for Shoulders in pickle, and 18@18¼ cts. for Hams in do. Bacon is lightly offered and higher prices current, though there is nothing selling except in small lots on positive orders. We quote Cumberlands at 16@16¼ and Short Rib at 17@17¼ cts. Dressed Hogs have been dull, closing at 14@14½ cts. for Western and 14½@14¾ cts. for City. Lard has met with some shipping demand, but the purchases were mainly to cover contracts or to meet the pressing wants of refiners and the trade. The close is steady, but not very active, at 19¾@20¼ cts. for No. 1; 20¼@20¾ cts. for City; 20¾@20¾ cts. for Western Steam, and 20¾@21 cts. for Kettle Rendered. For future delivery sales have been made as high as 21⅜ cts. and as low as 19¾ cts., the market closing at about 20¾@21 cts.

RICE.—Foreign is dull at about 8@8¼ cts., gold, in bond. Carolina in good demand and higher, with sales at 9¼@10 cts.

SEEDS.—The demand has been moderate for Clover Seed at 14½@14¾ cts. per pound for New and 13¾@14 cts. for Old. Timothy Seed is selling at $3 50@$3 75 per bushel. Rough Flax Seed is firm at $2 60 per bushel.

STEARINE.—The market has improved, but closes quiet. Sales of 210,000 pounds, closing at 19½@20 cts.

SUGAR.—Refiners have operated with much more freedom; and this, coupled with some speculative inquiry and the unfavorable news from Cuba, has stimulated the market for Raws, and advanced prices materially. Importers are offering lightly and look for a circular improvement. The close is active and firmer at 11⅝@11¾ cts. for Fair to Good Refining, 11¾@12¼ cts. for Fair to Good Grocery, and 12¾ cts. for No. 12 Box Dutch Standard. Refined has ruled firmer at 15⅝@15¾ cts. for Powdered, Granulated, and Crushed; 14½@14¾ cts. for Soft White; 13¾@14 cts. for Yellow; and 14¼@14⅝ cts. for Extra "C."

TALLOW has been in fair demand and has ruled steady, but closes quiet. Sales of 230,000 pounds at 11¾@12 cts. for Western and 12⅜@12¾ cts. for City.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, FEB. 2, 1869.

[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.]

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE PRINCIPAL MARKET PLACES.

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	@—	@—
Extra	17¼@17¾	17¼@17¾
First quality	16½@17	16½@17
Second quality	14 @16	14 @16
Third quality	12 @13	12 @13½
Inferior	10 @11	10 @11
Average of all sales about	14¾@14¾	14¾@14¾

GENERAL QUOTATIONS.

COWS AND CALVES.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice	$80@100	$80@100
Good	70@ 75	70@ 75
Fair	60@ 70	60@ 70
Inferior and Common	50@ 55	50@ 55

VEAL CALVES.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra and Choice	11¼@13	11 @12¾
Good	11½@12	12 @12¾
Common	10 @11¼	10 @11¾
Inferior	10 @10¾	10 @10¾

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra choice.....per lb.	8¾@ 8¾	8¾@ 8¾
Extra	7 @ 8	7 @ 8
Good	7 @7¾	6¾@ 7¾
Fair	6¾@6¾	5¾@ 6
Common	5 @5¾	5 @5¾

SWINE.

	Live, per lb.	Dressed, per lb.
Corn-fed, prime to choice	11¾@11¾	14¾@14¾
Corn-fed, common to good	11¾@11¾	14 @14¾

GENERAL REMARKS.

Under a larger supply of Beef Cattle the market the past week was in a very dull and depressed condition. Prices for all grades, except choice selections, show a decline; but for these full prices were realized, the market closing quiet. Milch Cows remain dull; but, with moderate receipts, prices are unchanged. Sheep and Lambs show a falling off in the receipts, and holders ask an advance; but butchers refuse to operate, owing to the dullness in the Mutton market. Swine have ruled steady, closing at former prices. Rye has been moderately active at full prices, closing dull. Oats early in the week were active and buoyant, but later the demand abated, prices fell off and the market closes very heavy. Corn has been in fair demand, especially new; and prices ruled firm, closing dull and lower.

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, Feb. 2, 1869.

The following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, specially reported to THE INDEPENDENT, (and more perfect than to any other news...or in the city), is worth, to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper

PRINTS.

Merrimack, W	15½	Amoskeag	13
Merrimack, D	14	Lowell	11¾
Cocheco, L	14	Wamsutta	10¾
Cocheco, C	13¾	Victory	10
Pacific	13½	Washington	12¾
American	13½	Arnold	11½
Dunnells	13½	Hamilton	13¾
Allens	13	Richmond	13¾
Manchester	13	Gloucester	13
Freemans	11	Mourning	13
Burgis	13	Lancaster	13
Nassau	13	Oriental	13

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	17	Hartford	13½
Berkshire	17	Roanoke	12¾
Caledonia	15	Glasgow	15

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag, A	17	Forrestdale	16
Lawrence, C	17	Pepperell, E	16
" G	16	" F	15
" G, 7-8	15	" O	14
" M	12	" N	13
" M, 3-4	11¼	" 7-4	37½
Pacific, Extra	16½	" 6-4	32½
" H	14½	" 5-4	27½
" L	14½	" 4-4	22½
Atlantic, H	17	Boot, S	16
" P	16½	" O	14
" D	15½	" A	13
" N	14	Appleton, A	17
Superior, XXL	15	Lonsdale, 4-4	16½
Shawmut, C	15½	" B	14
" W	14½	" 7-8	14
Stark, A	16	Lyman, E	16
Massachusetts	14½	" D	13
" BB	13	Ulster	13
" E, 7-8	13½	Utica	13
Indian Head	17½	Tremont, C	12½
"	14	Tremont, A	12½
Exeter, A	14½	Pemar Orchard, A	15½
"	13½	"	14
Medford	16	"	13½
Augusta	14	Great Falls, H	15
"	13½	"	14
Gibson	14½	"	13
Pittsfield, A	15½	Great Falls, J	13½
Everett, A	14½	"	12½
Everett, AA	14½	Cabot, A	16
Stanton	14½	" W	15
Hamilton, R	14	Uncle, A	14½
Concato Co, E	14	"	13½

BLEACHED SHEETINGS.

New York Mills	17½	Ballou & Son	15½
Wamsutta	15	"	13½
Tuscarora	14	Lonsdale	15½
Williamsville	12	Cambric	26
Indian	14	Hill	14
White Rock	13	"	12
Forestdale	14	Barbour	15½
Indian River, X	15½	" 31-inch	14½
" XX	14½	" 31-inch	13½
Attawangan, X	15½	James St. in Mills	14
" XX	15½	" 33-inch	14½
Masonville	14	" 31-inch	13½
Hacksione	14½	Great Falls, J	13
Honeycomb	14	" 7-8	13½
Langdon	16½	" D	14
" 42-inch	18	" 7-8	13
" 40-inch	19	Red Bank	14
Waterenl	14½	Waltham	14
Pepperell	15	" 42-inch	15
"	14½	"	14
"	13½	"	13½
Dica	14	Franklin M'f'g Co	14½
"	13	Bay Mills	14
"	12½	Putnam, K	13½
Boot, R	14	"	12½
" W	14	Green, G	14
" W	13	Androscog, A	13½
Androscoggin	13	Whitesville	13
Canoe	9	"	12½

DENIMS.

Amoskeag	21	Otis Company, CC	20
York	18	" BB	25
Haymaker	18	" AA	27
Hamilton	20½	Warren Brown	23
Portland	20	Lewiston, Brown	22½
Everett	23¼	Columbian	20

STRIPED SHIRTINGS.

Amoskeag	22	Whittenton, A	20
York	18	"	18
Uncasville	18½	"	16
Hamilton	20½	Eagle	15½
Everett	18	Thorndike	20

TICKS.

York, 30-inch	20½	Thorndike	17½
York, 32-inch	21½	Hamilton, A	20
Amoskeag, A	20	" B	18
"	18	Walker Brook	20½
" D	17	Everett	18
" C	15	"	16
" B	13	Hampden, CC	13
Conestoga	20	Pearl River	12
" Extra	18	Pittsfield	12½
Swift River	12		

CORSET JEANS.

Amoskeag	15½	Pepperell	16
"	14½	Lonsdale	22½

Naumkeag Satteen	17¼	Indian Orchard	12¾
New Market	16	Everett	13

BROWN DRILLS.

Amoskeag	17½	Appleton	17
Pepperell	17½	Tremont	16
Laconia	17½	Augusta	16
Stark, A	17	Whitneyville	15

DELAINES.

Pacific	21	Lowell	20
Hamilton	21	Sprague	18
Manchester	20	Amoskeag	25½

CANTON FLANNELS.

Hamilton	20	Ellerton T	17½
Lacconia	18	" P	22
Pembroke, C	16	Amoskeag	25
" A	16	Washington	16½

The First Mortgage Fifty-Year Convertible Bonds OF THE ROCKFORD, ROCK ISLAND & ST. LOUIS RAILROAD CO.

PAY THE

PRINCIPAL AND SEVEN PER CENT. INTEREST, 1st FEB. and 1st AUG.,

IN GOLD COIN, FREE OF GOVERNMENT TAX.

The Bonds are offered at 97½ and accrued interest in currency.

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FIRST MORTGAGE TWENTY-YEAR SEVEN PER CENT.

GOLD BONDS.

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST PAYABLE IN GOLD COIN